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KNAVE

VOLUME 16 NUMBER 2
95p

LOVES...

I LOVE KNAVE

Valentine's Day,
Hard Liquor
and Soft Options,
and the City
of Lost Wages.

VOLUME 16 NUMBER 2

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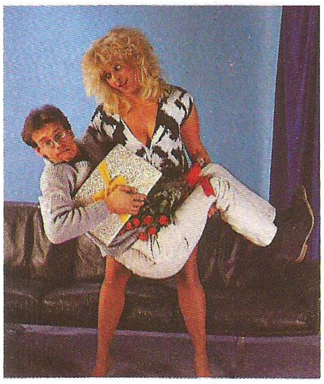

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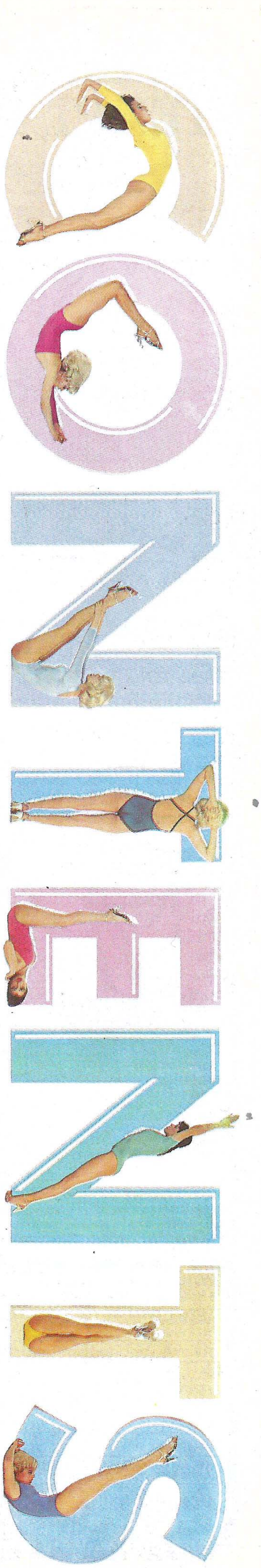

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ABC
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A sex life shared is a sex life doubled — so why not share yours with us? Drop us a lurid line or two. Penpower, Knave, Hermit Place, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT. All in the strictest confidence, of course.

Cherrie Choked

Having to travel to work, and being separated from both my wife and girlfriend, I purchased my first copy of your magazine, (Vol. 15 No. 9).

When I bought it, it immediately opened on the pictures set of Cherrie. What a stunner! Immediately I saw her I felt the best erection I've had in my trousers for ages. She really made me feel horny.

On returning to my hotel, there was only one thing to do, that was to take my trousers and pants down and really play hard with my penis. The sight of her standing with her thumbs in her knickers made me wish I could risk cutting my fingers on her elastic, slip my hand in and finger her gorgeous fanny. She looks lovely with her knickers tight between her legs, and the way she bends over, showing her bare buttocks and her lips, makes me wish I could fill her for all she is worth.

Sweet Cherrie keeping the punters fruity and happy.

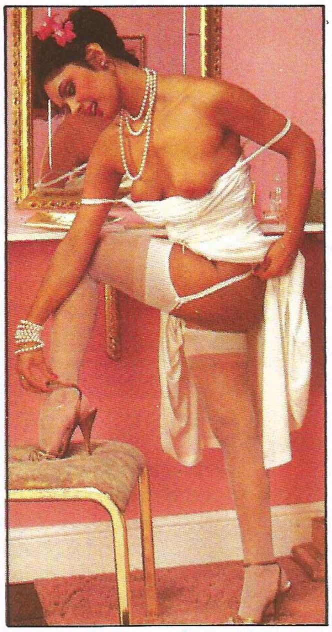
The result of seeing her pictures is that I've had the best night's wank I've ever had; I ejaculated several times until my cock was sore; I wish she'd come into the room, bend over and drop her knickers. Perhaps she would run some cream into my prick before I get creamed up again with her.

I hope you will show her this letter as she is certainly the most fuckable woman I've seen in a long time. — *B.T., Banbury.*

Too Dangerous

How can one express, in mere words, the sheer beauty of the incredible Shivani (Vol. 15 No. 7 and Vol. 15 No. 9)? Such perfection in this exotic form is (almost) too dangerous to handle.

Could you imagine trying to hold your ground in refusing this lady something that she wants? Picture for one moment her cradling her arms, those oh so smooth, slender arms around your shoulders, as she gives you that soulful little girl look, pouting the words "Please, oh please," as that long, stocking-clad leg is pushed between your legs, sending shivers of sheer delight up your spine. So you just have to slide your hands down to her firm, soft bottom, grabbing hold as you give in.



Exotic perfection — Shivani keeps a leg in suspense.

I've been through this a few times, and I've never won, ever — and it's great!

On a final note, can we see another set of the luscious Ami (Vol. 14 No. 3) a lovely young lady who has a South American style of beauty.

Please don't change, Knave, you're doing just fine! — *R.B., Croydon.*

Cuntractual Arrangement

First, may I congratulate you on a splendid magazine and one that I read every month — even though I have to keep it discreetly in my desk drawer. While I imagine that the girlie pictures must be a real turn on for the men, I myself confess to feeling highly sexy when reading the stories of women being mounted by a number of men. I have long been thrilled at the thought of being taken by a man while others watched, their bulges showing, waiting their turn to get down on me. Like many other women, I couldn't believe such fortune would shine on me, but it did, suddenly and simply.

I am twenty four, and have been happily married to Brian for two years. We are both directors in my father's firm which, like so many other firms, has suffered badly owing to the recession. In fact we had been desperately trying for a contract from a big combine in Scotland, fighting against our competitors, and had been visited on several occasions by their directors. Alan, their M.D., was about twenty eight, handsome and well built — he came on each journey with either Tony, his younger brother, or Mike. Suddenly one morning, my father received a call from them saying they were on their way to America the next day, but were travelling down to London that afternoon and wished to meet someone from our firm at their hotel in the city, in order to sign the contract. "OK, I'll send Ann," he told them, and asked me to get an early lunch, pack a case and get down to their hotel with the documents.

Within half an hour I was in my Porsche, case packed and heading for London. Arriving at the hotel reception I was met by Alan with my key and he carried my bag to my room, arranging to meet me in the lounge at 7.30 after I had freshened up. I washed and changed, putting on a cream trouser suit and red blouse. Downstairs I was rather surprised to find both

Continued

Tony and Mike with Alan, but we settled down and chatted over a drink. During the meal, we had rather a lot of wine, and I was feeling quite high spirited as we went to my room to sign the papers.

When we entered my room, I slipped off my jacket and asked if we could get the signing done straight away. "Ah, well — there is a snag," said Mike. I stared at him. "Well, two or three things have come up," he said. Naturally, I asked if they were serious, and Tony answered: "I would consider them fairly stiff myself." Fearing the worst, I whispered, "Oh, no," knees buckling and eyes watering. Alan put his arms round me, holding me close and comforting me. Then he bent and kissed me . . . then a second time, harder than before.

"Isn't there anything I can do to get it signed tonight?" I asked. Almost unconsciously I felt Alan's hand on my left breast, lifting and squeezing gently — then he kissed me again.

"I would say there's a lot you can do, my darling," he said, "in fact it all depends on you." And as he kissed me again, I became aware of the hard bulge in his trousers pressing into my thigh, and I realised just what the two or three things that had suddenly come up were, and just what their stiffness implied.

Seconds later, I felt hands at my waist and a see-saw action as they wriggled my trousers down my hips. Warm hands slid down my naked thighs, and my trousers were pulled off, first over one foot, then over the other. The hands then returned to my bottom and circled the fleshy globes of my buttocks. My temperature rose rapidly as I realised that I was naked from the waist down — for they had removed my knickers with my trousers.

Breathlessly, between passionate kisses, I offered token resistance, saying, "No, no . . . that's enough — you mustn't," but secretly realised that my secret fantasy was about to be fulfilled. I found myself being lowered onto the large double bed in the middle of my room, and a hand slid up and down the wet groove between my legs — which had by now parted of their own accord. Then I just flipped. I told them that I wanted it now, and swiftly they took off my blouse and bra and I was spread naked across the bed. Mike toyed with my breasts, and my nipples were painfully hard.

I saw Alan move in between my legs, and my heart began to beat faster in anticipation. I knew what I was in for. Something touched my dampness, and I squealed with delight as his swollen dick entered me; then his face came close to mine as he came down on me, sinking his stiff manhood deep into me. I whimpered with joy at every inch. I got immense satisfaction and pleasure from knowing that Tony and Mike were listening to my cries of satisfaction and pleasure as Alan slid up and down inside me with long, powerful strokes.

Quickly, they changed places, Mike mounting me next, followed by Tony. I was about to get up, when Alan displayed his magnificent cock and assured me that the best was yet to come. "That was a dry run so we didn't get you too wet. From now on you get everything." And they really showed me what they could do. It was out of this world.

Much later, they all left and I fell asleep. Next morning at breakfast I met Alan and he returned to my room where we signed the contract. Then he took me in his arms and kissed me, a long lingering kiss. He then asked me softly if I would be interested in any further contracts. "Yes," I replied, "if all four of us can sign it."

Our firm could be making its way out of the recession ahead of everyone else, with a bit of luck. — *Ann, Derby.*

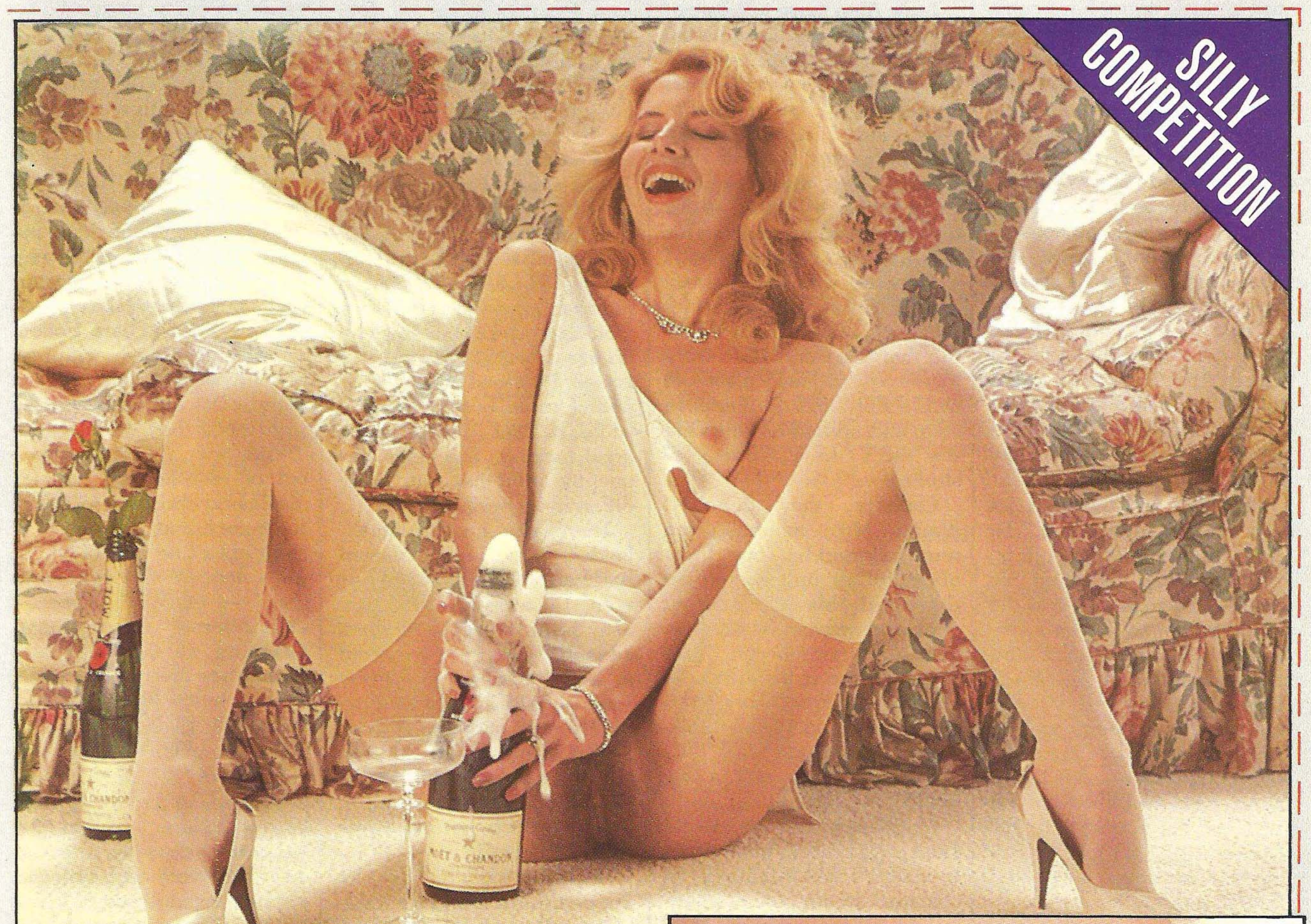
"About that incredibly life-like doll you sold me nine months ago . . ."

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Fuck's Bizz?

At least she can't complain that the bubbles tickled her nose! Flying fluids and sticky stockings make for some vintage out-takes of this month's sparkling amateur, Annabel — a bubbly blonde who doesn't pop her cork for every man she sees. Speaking of big spenders, the Managing Director is still wandering around in a state of shock. "Moet et Chandon," he groans repeatedly over a tear-stained bill, "and they didn't even save me a glass . . ." I'm surprised he didn't wring out the stockings. And so to this month's silly competition. Captions, balloons, thinks clouds, etc., for the appelation contrôlée come-shot. His 'n' Hers Knave sweat shirts for the winner, plus a 16″ × 14″ custom hand-made jigsaw to choose from a selection of centre spreads. Runner-up prizes if and when the Editor's whim takes him. His drug-crazed decision is final.

KNAVE
COMIN' RIGHT AT YA



My caption is ....

....

Name(Caps) ....

Address ....

Send to Caption Competition No 10, Knave, Galaxy Publications, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT. Competition closes March 30th 1984.

COMPETITION RESULT

Our fourth caption competition has been won by B.W. of Manchester, who collects the usual bundle of goodies. Don't forget, the Big Cheese also awards extra sweatshirts at his discretion, so keep them entries rollin' in.

SILLY COMPETITION

"Electronically tested, huh! You'll be telling me next that Ohm's Law was passed by Parliament."

Eye Of The Wind

It is an enigma. There is a blast of gale force seven, southerly, whipping across the attention all shipping, and I do not know why. Perchance, I have told myself, El Pisso the Editor has set me up for one of those pathetic puns he so delights in — scouring the world with brillo; qualmolive soap, etc. I have sought in vain for it. A reference to fantails, fan clubs, fandangles, perhaps? Wind tunnels, wind and water, windlasses, wuthering depths? Or air pockets, tailwinds, puffs and pants? Of course, it could be that the old soak asked for a blow-job and got the answer he deserved, or even — no, unthinkable . . . she hasn't cut the cheese?

Eventually, cursing softly, I gave up and asked him. "Cornflakes, please," he slurred, as I shook him awake mid-afternoon. Helpful. Fucking helpful. "These pictures," I demanded. "Where's the joke?" His eyes gyrated independently into focus. "Ah, yes," he mumbled in distillery tones. "She's called Tobi. I haven't used 'Tobi or not Tobi'. You can have that one . . ." whereupon stupor reclaimed its own. Bloody cheek! A writer of my calibre using a lousy joke like that? Now Tobi **jugs,** on the other hand . . .

W.F. Guttersnipe

CAUGHT SHORT

Fucking About

I was reading a news story back at the end of November about a man who was crushed to death while getting his leg over on top of a grand piano. In case you missed it, the instrument in question was a prop in a San Francisco strip joint which could be raised or lowered by electric hoists. As the assistant manager and one of the artistes merrily indulged in a round of hide the sausage, the piano rose in stately fashion all the way up to the roof, against which it carelessly squidged the fatuous fornicator, incredibly leaving the stripper intact, if hysterical.

I do not, honestly, know whether the piano then played a funeral march, or, indeed, Nutcracker variations, but the whole story did set me thinking. To put it bluntly — don't folk find funny places to fuck.

Aeroplanes, of course, have long since become utterly clichéd, Mile High club and all, but I imagine, fanciful exaggeration aside, that a damn sight more of it goes on on the railways. For example, the have-it-away-day couple nicked bareback and *in flagrante* in a train held up at Bletchley last Autumn. "It's surprising how often we find them like that," commented a Transport Police spokesmonster. Presumably all now members of the Hour's Delay club.

But, as the chap who played flat on the piano dicovered, one really has to be careful about this sort of thing. Another couple indulging in pud-pullmaning at around the same time suffered grim *coitus interruptus* when, mid-oral, the gentleman succumbed to a fatal brain haemorrhage — simultaneously coming and going, so to speak. I hope he hadn't bought a return.

More blatantly risky is the stunt performed in 1981 by a couple of teenage acrobats in New York, who climbed 300 feet up the Williamsburg suspension bridge and gleefully set at it like knife-throwers. "We thought we'd heard everything in this city," commented a stunned New York cop. Further high jinks in Paris the same year, when a night club presented couples humping like dromedaries in a net suspended above the audience. This sounds to me like a sure way of leaving your bum fit only for playing noughts and crosses on.

But the prize for sheer silliness must go to the Manchester rates officials (also 1981 — obviously a vintage year) carpeted for allegedly carrying on an affair in the town hall strong room. I've heard of the safe period, but ...

Tobi

This is getting to be a habit. An amateur set is booked, the girl fails to turn up, heaven and earth are moved finding a replacement at short notice, and we all come up smelling of roses — or in this case, Baby Oil. But it was a close thing and we can't expect to be as lucky every time.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY K.K.JONES

Tobi lives just outside London, but just happened to be available. She just happens to be a very tasty lady — with a nice line in come hither looks and pretty pouts. She's 23 years old and lives (with her boyfriend) in a romantically sagging cottage in Sussex. Coming up to London for a spot of exotic modelling is fun occasionally, but she's quite happy to return to darkest Crawley when it's over. Shame.

Continued from page 7

Pen Power

belly up, as did a flighty twenty three year old whose RAF husband had been a POW for over a year.

But some stories did have a funny side. A 'Special' on duty one night crouched behind a hedge to spy on a couple. A GI was lying on his back and the Special watched as the dark silhouette of a woman straddled him, holding his prick upright and sliding her cunt down on to it to the hilt. The Special rubbed his own erect member as he watched the shadowy female work herself up and down the stiff shaft — and he quietly advised her under his breath: "Go on, you randy bitch . . . give your twat what it deserves, a fucking good hammering." Then he saw her slam down hard, moaning and whimpering as hot spunk jetted into her. As she rolled off, with the limp cock slipping from inside her, the Special commented: "Fucking old cow — hope you've got a bellyful — looks as if you've had a lot of experience — bet you've got a big cunt."

As the couple moved off, he followed, intent on finding out who had a wife or daughter with such a well fucked cunt. At the gate to his house, the couple kissed and parted, the woman going into his house. It was his wife.

Home on leave a high ranking officer took his apparently innocent daughter to the Base to identify the Yank who had been busy screwing her when her mother discovered them. Going up the line of assembled men, she was told to point out the man her mother had caught taking advantage of her. Finally, she told her astonished Daddy that she could only positively identify five — so some must be on leave or posted, and that she didn't know which one had been in her room on that particular night.

One man threw his daughter out when he learned that she was going to increase the American population in England, while another father spent so much time with his two virgin daughters, protecting them from the GI twat developers, that, in the many lonely hours thus created for her, his pretty wife was getting her cunt regularly 'Yanked'. — *Alan, Accrington.*

On The Game

If there has always been one thing that has turned me on when making love to my wife, then it's imagining that she's a whore. Often we have made up games where she dresses up in what I imagine to be tarty clothes — fishnet stockings, stilleto heels, skimpy tops and hot pants — and then makes me pay her before I screw her. Little did I realise how my fantasy could come true.

This summer Pam and I went to stay in San Diego with my sister Eileen, and her husband, Geoff. One night Pam and Eileen entered a "Miss Wet T-Shirt" competition at the local disco. Both girls are in their early twenties with lovely firm breasts, and attracted a good deal of enthusiasm from the audience. The sight of Pam showing herself off in this manner left me feeling quite excited. One guy in particular jumped up from the crowd, ran up to Pam and gave her a smacker of a kiss full on the lips.

During the dancing after the contest, I noticed this one particular guy getting quite close to Pam and began to feel a little jealous. At about 1.00 a.m. Geoff and Eileen announced they were going, and I said I would go and fetch Pam. I was stopped by Eileen who told me she'd go and have a word with her sister. She came back and told me Pam was going to stay on a little and that I was to go with them — and when I protested she dragged me off. Being extremely drunk I failed to realise what was going on.

I came to in my bed at 6.00 a.m., and rolling over for a kiss discovered I had the entire thing to myself. As I realised what had happened — that Pam had gone to screw the other guy — I was overcome with alternating waves of jealousy and extreme horniness. This went on for about three hours until I allowed my hangover to get the better of me, and then I subsided into unconsciousness.

I awoke at 11.00 with Pam sitting triumphantly on the side of the bed looking dishevelled. Before I could say anything she bent down and started kissing me, muttering, "I've been fucking all night." Then she put her hand down to my cock and whispered, "I'm a real live whore." As my prick swelled in her hand she said that just as she was leaving in the morning the guy had given her $100. Apparently Pam knew this would happen, for the guy was well known and Eileen had told her about him.

"And tonight," she finished, "Eileen's planning a little surprise for you." As she said that she touched my cock with her tongue and I shot my sperm straight out. When, half an hour later, I tried to fuck her she teasingly touched my balls and said, "Not now, you'll need it for this evening."

I had no idea what she meant by that, only assuming that she was tired and was planning a big session for the next night. I was soon to find out.

We were sitting down, just having eaten dinner that evening, when Eileen turned to me and said, "Pam tells me you're into whores." I was a bit taken aback, but spluttered in agreement, to which Eileen shouted, "O.K. girls." She dimmed the lights, turned up the music and into the room came two absolutely gorgeous strippers. They were really young — they can't have been more than 18 or 19 and were such lascivious dancers that I immediately got a groin-bursting erection. I didn't quite know what to do, but Geoff, who was obviously used to this, was laughing and clapping and, I noticed, had his hand down Eileen's panties.

Pam leaned over to me and said, "Which one do you fancy. Which whore do you want?" I murmured, "the blonde one," and she told me to get out there and dance with her. I wouldn't have done, but Geoff was already doing so with his girl, to the obvious merriment of Pam and Eileen.

I got up and started dancing and without any delay; the girl, who obviously knew her business, had sunk to the floor and unzipped my trousers, taking my cock between her lips and using her tongue and teeth to give me the most incredible suck. I looked over at Pam who grinned approvingly, and then I led my new whore to our bedroom where we fucked and fucked.

When I woke up the next morning she had gone and Pam was again sitting on the edge of the bed. I had that old familiar feeling of déjà vu when she leaned over and kissed me, but, hell, did we screw after that!

Back in England we now turn each other on by describing our experiences — to be a whore or to screw a whore while one's wife watches!

We're planning another trip to San Diego next year. — *J.H., Manchester.*

Teaching Practice

My dad had driven a lorry for years. When I was a lad at school I often went for trips in his lorry. He had a good mate

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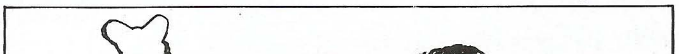
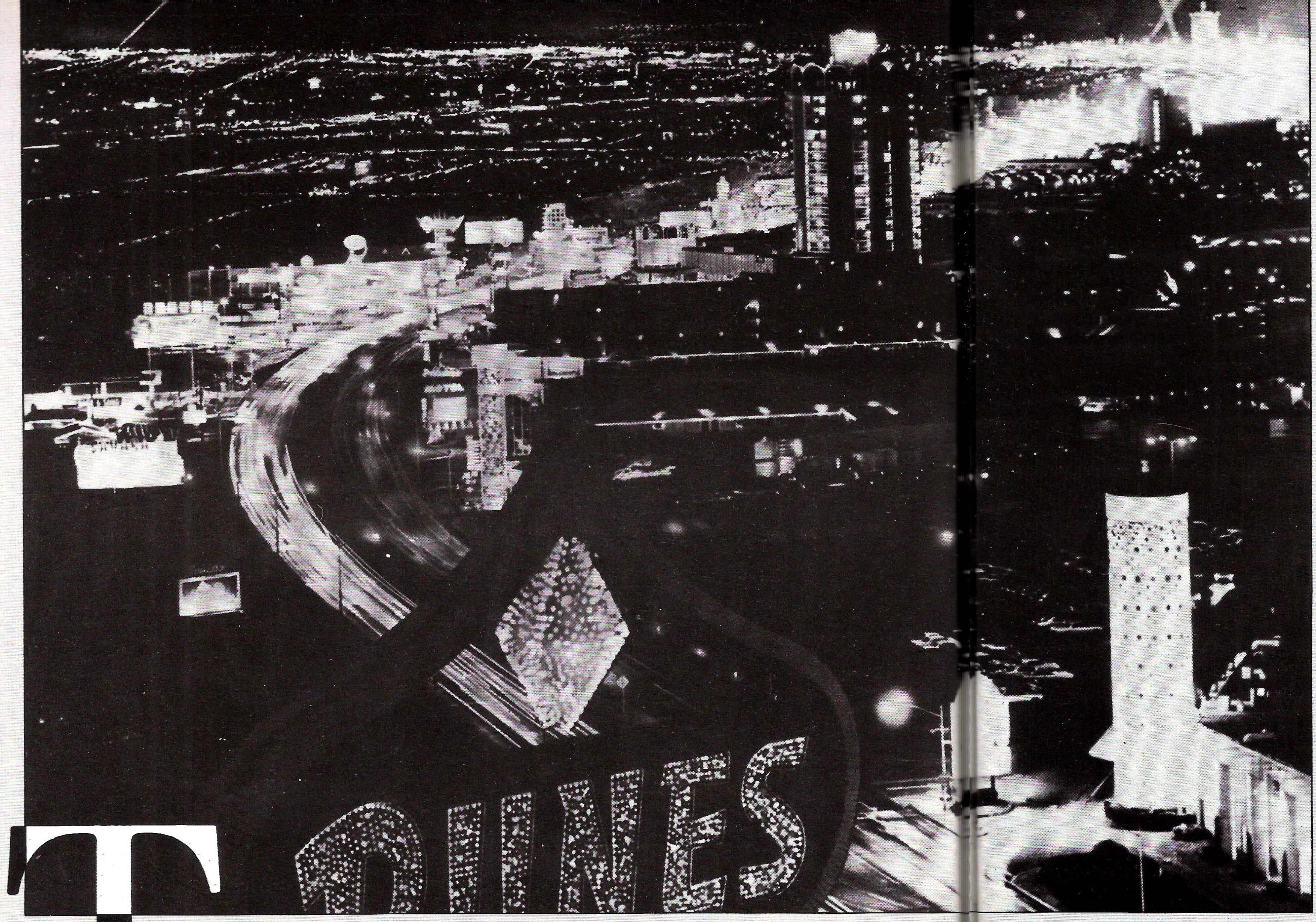


". . . on 'Police Five', I understand."



The City of Lost Wages

No prizes for guessing that's a cynic's nickname for Las Vegas; the gambling capital of America. TOM NEWMAN investigates the age-old connection between sex and gambling. . .

Gambling has always been heavily charged with sex. Whether it be the jiggling breasts of a Las Vegas showgirl entertaining punters or the physical thrill felt by the professional gambler over a big win or a big loss.

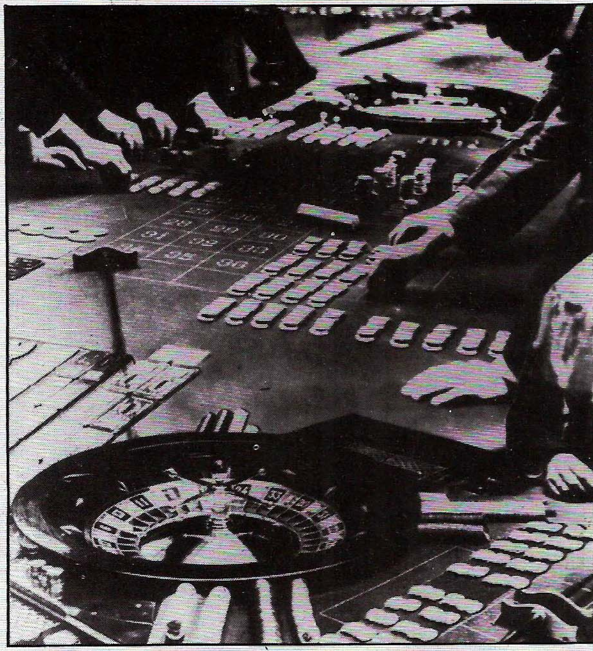
Essentially, gambling is a man's game, a sport with his mistress, Lady Luck. Or, at the very least, it is a masculine pursuit. For, when gambling, there is no room for feminine charm. This is not to say that women don't gamble. There are currently many top class women gamblers. But as one of them, Jackie Jean, a blonde hairdresser turned poker player, says, "A sweet little smile may help a gal get her way with some men. But it doesn't work at the card table. I'm just as inscrutable as any of the men."

Winning and good fortune have for thousands of years been measures of manhood. Long before money became the object of the success of luck, the ferocious barbarians who crushed Rome frequently bet their very freedom — becoming the winner's slave if they lost. Taking this one step further, the ancient Irish used to stake their testicles on the role of a dice.

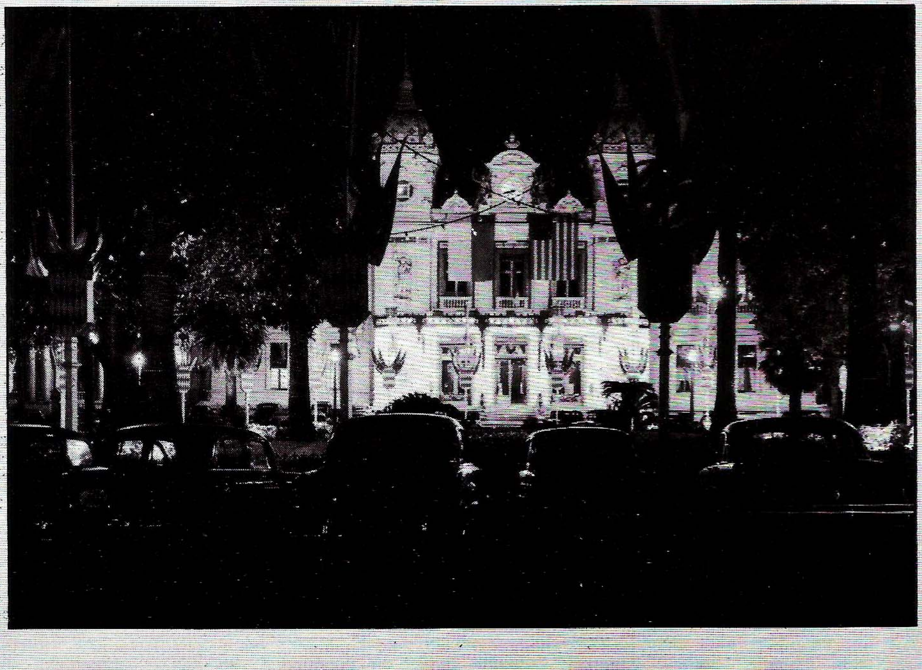
But just as successful gambling can enhance the potency of a man, the playing can have a sexuality all its own. Hooked gamblers get off on the game itself. Dostoevsky, the great Russian novelist and gambling fanatic, even went so far as to say that he had once experienced orgasm over losing a large bet at roulette. Certainly gambling can excite a good deal of sexual tension. Jean Genet in his *Thief's Journal* records a Spanish friend who on the way to a street card game suddenly nipped down a narrow alley. "When he came out," Genet writes, "his face had a bit of colour. He was still smiling. 'It's all right now. I'm ready.' That was how I learned that, on big occasions, players went there to jerk off in order to be calmer and more sure of themselves."

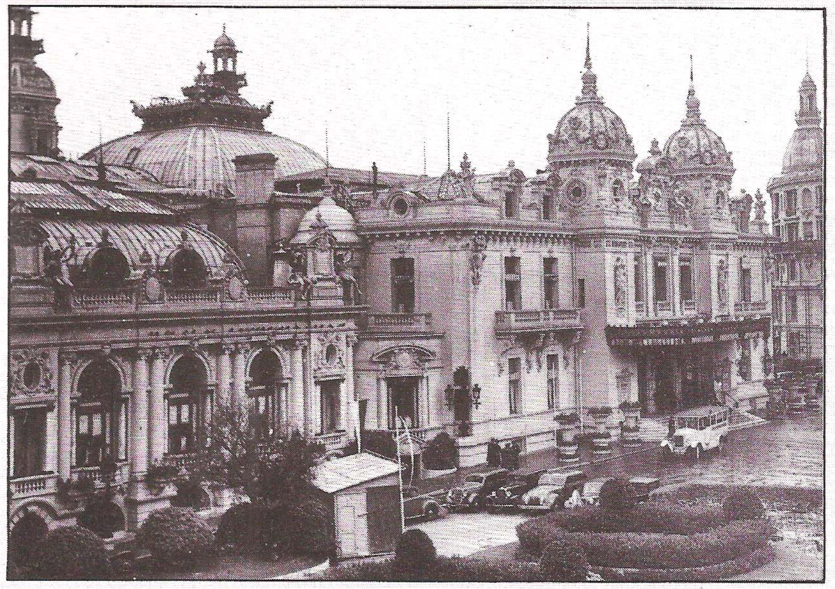
For other gamblers, it is through their addiction that they maintain their thrills. They don't mind if they win or lose. The despair of losing becomes as exciting as the ecstasy of winning. With such a player, gaming is an orgy that only stops when the money runs out. As a recent winner of the World Series of Poker in Las Vegas put it, when asked what he would do with his 350,000 dollars prize — "I guess I'll lose it."

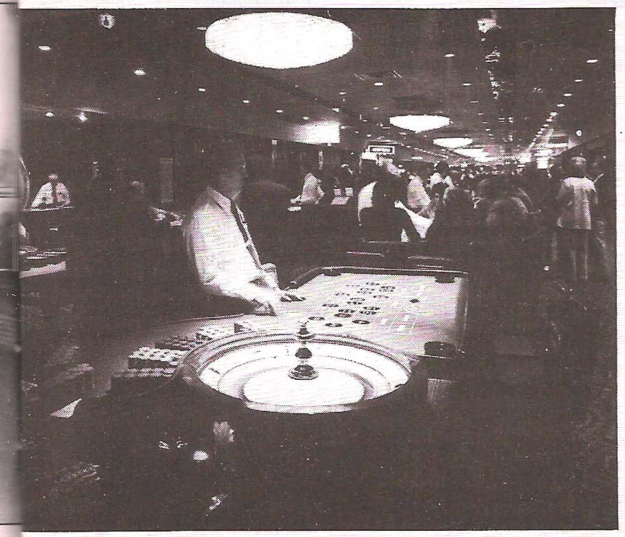
So, for the players it is frequently the game that is the stimulant, but for the spectator it is the cash value of the chips that is the aphrodisiac. Easy money attracts easy women. Throughout the world at gambling resorts women gather



Left, Vegas by night; right, roulette now; below, Faro then — Morenci, Arizona Territory in 1895. Bottom, the casino at Monte Carlo by night.







Clockwise from left, Farouk and friends; Monte Carlo in its heyday; playing craps in Reno; the casino in the Hotel Sahara, Las Vegas; Farouk and family; poolside cuties at the Stardust, Las Vegas.

THE CITY OF LOST WAGES

Continued

for a piece of the action. And nowhere is this more intense than in Las Vegas, the city of Lost Wages. Many girls pass optimistically through Nevada on their way to stardom in Hollywood, but for those who don't make it, the return trip usually ends at one of the big casinos along the Strip where they hope to latch on to a high roller. There are many ways these beautiful girls can make their way in the desert city of neon. The taller and most statuesque become showgirls in the nude and semi-nude revues that accompany the big acts. After performing they are encouraged to sit amongst the punters in the bar.

All entertainment in Las Vegas — the stars, the shows, the food, the girls — is aimed solely at getting you to spill your money at their gaming tables. Frequently, big gamblers receive this entertainment if the Pit Boss gives her the nod. "You don't have to go with anyone you don't want to," says one such girl. "But if the Pit Boss asks you as a special favour and you say 'No thanks', you gotta watch out the door don't slap you in the ass on your way out."

Then, of course, there are the Call Girls. Some of these are just Weekenders, girls leaving behind their regular jobs in a regular town for the high-life and more money than they could ever earn in a week in Pittsville. If the girl is a real charmer she'll be noted down on a casino list and then fixed up with a big spender. Above all, sex in Las Vegas is a very efficient business with no hanging around. Big stars and big spenders have no time to mess around with formalities. In the words of one casino girl — "Boy, this town! They don't even say 'Hello, what's your name? They just sort of point at you and you're supposed to fall over."

Some girls have become famous on the casino circuit, but more of them later. First, the tale of a girl who became renowned for something other than sex. A beautiful young girl came to Vegas and got a job as a baccarat shill — a player employed by the casino to fill up the table and playing with casino money. Mario Puzo, author of The Godfather, takes up the story: "The very fact that she was beautiful made players bet with her when she got the bank. And she was very lucky. The baccarat table regulars were cleaning up. The Casino Boss was infuriated. He took an interest in her and learned that she was a straight arrow. That she didn't turn tricks and didn't even have a boyfriend. The Casino Manager decided that the reason she was lucky was that she was a virgin. So he made a decision that if she remained a virgin he would fire her. If she turned a trick he would keep her on." So the manager set about breaking the luck of the girl. She was fixed up with high rollers, paying a thousand dollars a trick. But she said no. A big film star was brought in to persuade her otherwise. She refused and remained lucky. Finally, she was fired and couldn't get another job anywhere in Vegas because of her reputation. As Puzo ironically concludes — "Virtue is its own reward."

In the 50s and 60s, the era of The Green Felt Jungle exposé of Las Vegas, two of the most celebrated "pit girls" were Ruth Elizabeth Walker and Sheika 'Yellowbird' Moisha. Pit girls are the classier whores that a pit boss reserves for big gamblers. Ruth was a Texan who began as a cigarette girl at El Rancho. Within a couple of years she was given a new home, a Cadillac, and a full-length mink — all from punters. She was a particular favourite with Texan "live ones" who she induced to spend a fortune at the gaming tables. While they played, she would slip chips into secret pockets in her mink stole. At one time this enterprise became so profitable that she had to hire another girl to follow her into the ladies' room where she could then pass the chips on to be cashed. On another occasion, a Mississippi gambler spent a quarter of a million dollars on her, but because he was an alcoholic he couldn't collect his sexual dues.

Sheika 'Yellowbird' Moisha gained her name from the yellow feathery costume she wore in her burlesque act. A favourite with Hollywood stars, she had a passion for Frank Sinatra and frequently saw him at the Sands, the casino he part-owned. However, the strict rules of her casino stated that she had to spend the evening after her show hanging around in the bars. Besides, her boss disliked Sinatra. Eventually she had to choose between El Rancho and the Sands and she chose the singer. Some time later though, she returned to El Rancho as Old Blue Eyes moved on to pastures new. Perhaps this was why Moisha began to frequent the many lesbian bars along the Strip with other show-biz girls.

Gambling, it is said, attracts women like moths to a flame. But it is not always the girls that get burnt. Gordon Selfridges, of the big London store, had a special liking for young actresses even when well into his 60s and 70s. His particular favourites were the two Dolly sisters whom he allowed limitless credit to gamble at the highly fashionable casinos at Deauville and Le Touquet in France. They went through millions of francs. When they were winning, the girls bought jewellery, a boutique in Paris, and villas. But in his 80s, their sugar-daddy bet too much and was declared bankrupt. The girls presumably just moved on. Another millionaire ruined by gambling was Andre Citroen, the French car magnate. At first, Citroen believed that his heavy gambling was good publicity for his company as it was reported in all the newspapers. But then in 1926, he lost 13 million francs in a single session of baccarat. His wife gatecrashed the game and in tears persuaded him to leave. This intervention forced a change in the rules allowing women to enter the gaming room. During that game Citroen had nearly lost his factory, several years later he did when he threw away several million francs in just ten minutes.

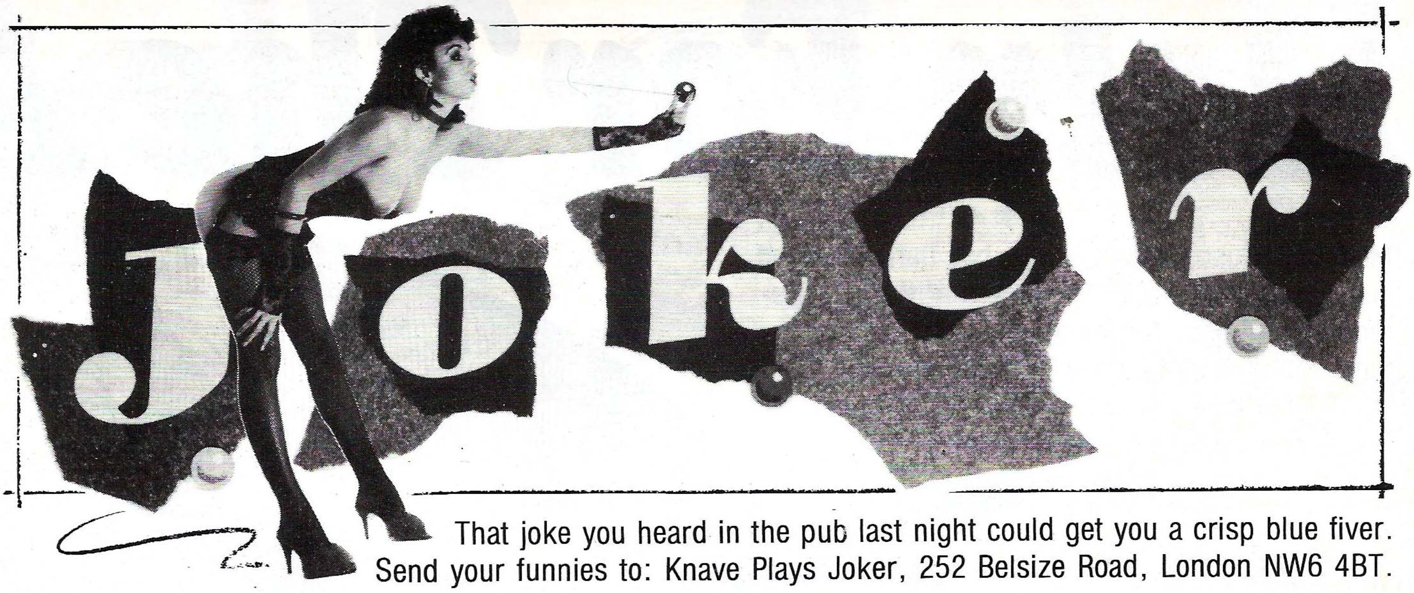
During the 1950s King Farouk of Egypt was a familiar figure in the casinos of Monte Carlo. A very fat man, Farouk was a skilled gambler though at times he badly lost his temper. One time he broke a gaming table in his rage. On another occasion, however, he was so absorbed in a big-stake game that he remained impassive when an opponent died of a heart attack after being dealt a winning hand. Finally, when the idle Farouk himself died — some say face-down in a bowl of spaghetti — the palace of the over-size king was found to possess one of the greatest collections of pornography in the world, thus adding more evidence of the enduring connection between sex and gambling.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST

STEVIE

Short for Stephana, comes from Flensburg — just south of the German/Danish border. Very flat around there. Copenhagen's only 200 kilometres away. She worked in a bar, danced in a club, went to the South of France for the summer and stayed most of the winter. Danced in that club again. Met a boyfriend. Danced in the club when they split up. Started modelling. Here she is. 19 years old. A superbly sulky face. And a try-anything character to go with it. Peter was muttering about enough being enough and it not being such a good idea what with getting involved with the models and things. On the other hand, with his accent, he may well have been asking the way to Marble Arch. The Editor would like to meet her and insists that I mention this. Me too.

If you thought that the pictures of pages 8 to 15 were not chock-a-block with Christmas trappings you're probably getting a heavy dose of *déjà vu* as you peruse Jillie doing something or other not immediately recognizable as festive in her bedchamber. But no, this is not another bit of cheapskating on our behalf. I mean, who needs mistletoe and tinsel just to evoke the spirit of Christmas? The truth (and I use the word advisedly, or is it inadvisably? — I can't remember the difference any more) is that it is actually incredibly snowy and festive outside Jillie's bedchamber. You can't move for robins, holly berries, snowmen and people dragging yule logs every which way. So why isn't Jillie out there entering into the spirit of it all? Simple. These pictures were taken on Christmas Eve just as Jillie was hitting the sack ready for Santa's visit . . . lucky old Santa.



That joke you heard in the pub last night could get you a crisp blue fiver. Send your funnies to: Knave Plays Joker, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT.

A DOCTOR who was trying to find out the cause of his patient's state of exhaustion finally decided to question him about his sex life.

"How many times a week do you have intercourse?" he asked.

"Every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday," the man answered.

"I think you'd better cut out Thursdays," said the doctor.

"Aw shit, I can't," said the man. "Why, that's the only night I'm home with my wife!"

● ● ●

"HAVING A SPOT of trouble?" asked the male motorist as he pulled alongside a woman sitting dejectedly in her car in a lay-by.

"Yes, I think my battery's flat," she replied. "I guess what I need is a jump."

"You're in luck — I've got the equipment," said the good Samaritan, leering at the woman's shapely body. "But how about having a bash at starting your car first?"

● ● ●

A NEWLY-OPENED mortuary in Birmingham decided to advertise in a startling, eye-catching manner. So they had a big sign painted in front of their building that read: "OUR STAFF WILL STUFF YOUR STIFF."

Not to be outdone, the brothel directly across the street responded with a large sign that read: "OUR STUFF WILL STIFF YOUR STAFF!"

● ● ●

"GEE, I SURE had bad vibes last night," the girl confided to her sister. "What's up — boyfriend worries?"

"No, my intimate erotic massager short-circuited."

● ● ●

BLOKE GETS a job at the local zoo and, due to shortage of monkeys, has to wear a monkey's outfit and get in the cage and imitate a monkey. He starts off by swinging on a branch of a tree, then gets quite adventurous and jumps from branch to branch.

Eventually, a large crowd are gathered round the cage and the bloke starts to show off by swinging round and round the branch, but unfortunately he lets go and leaps over the top of the cage into the lion's cage.

Panic stricken, he starts to scream and is just starting to clamber up the cage when he hears the lion say, "Shut your fucking mouth, or we'll all get sacked!"

● ● ●

WHAT IS the difference between frustration and utter frustration?

Frustration is the first time you realise that you cannot do it the second time; utter frustration is the second time you realise that you cannot do it the first time!

AN OLD LADY on a shopping trip to London strays inadvertently into Soho, where the police are in the process of turning over a house of ill repute. Some of the girls of the house were being lined up awaiting the arrival of the police van, and the old lady short-sightedly assumes that they are queueing up outside the shop.

"What are you waiting for, my dear?" she asked the hooker at the end of the line.

"Bloody oranges, what do you think?" came the curt reply. Getting even more confused, the lady thinks that they must be very cheap to attract such a queue, so she decides to wait.

The police van arrives and the girls are all herded aboard. When he gets to the old lady, the officer commented, "A bit old for this sort of thing, aren't you?"

"Well, I might have no teeth but I can still suck them!"

A GIRL walked into a chemist's shop and asked for a packet of tampax and a pair of sunglasses. She was expecting sunny periods . . .

● ● ●

DID YOU hear about the pygmy who spent a night in a brothel and caught small pox?

● ● ●

CHAP GOES into fruit shop and asks for a pound of tomatoes. "That will be 75 pence please, sir."

"75 pence, you know where you can stick them!" says the bloke.

"I'm sorry, I can't," says the fruiterer, "I've already got a 90 pence cucumber up there."

● ● ●

"THE OTHER DAY," the woman said to her psychiatrist, "I found my son playing with the girl next door in the garden. They were both completely naked, and were examining each other's bodies."

"That's not unusual," smiled the psychiatrist. "I wouldn't worry about it."

"But I *am* worried, doctor," insisted the woman. "And so is my son's wife!"

● ● ●

A LITTLE girl is watching her Father in the bath, and spots his balls through the foam.

"Daddy, what are those things?" she enquires, pointing with her finger.

"Oh! Those are my apples," came the reply. The little girl immediately dashes off to her Mother and repeats what she has just been told.

"Is that so?" snorts her Mother. "But I bet he didn't tell you about the dead limb that they're attached to."

Help For The Aged

Maureen's just turned 40. Her boy Darren started his first job last week. The man at the chemist's reckons she goes for the young ones nowadays. Says she buys, you know, creams and that. Don't know what they see in her, mind, all that mascara. Funny how time flies . . . *Fiction by Dean Stein*

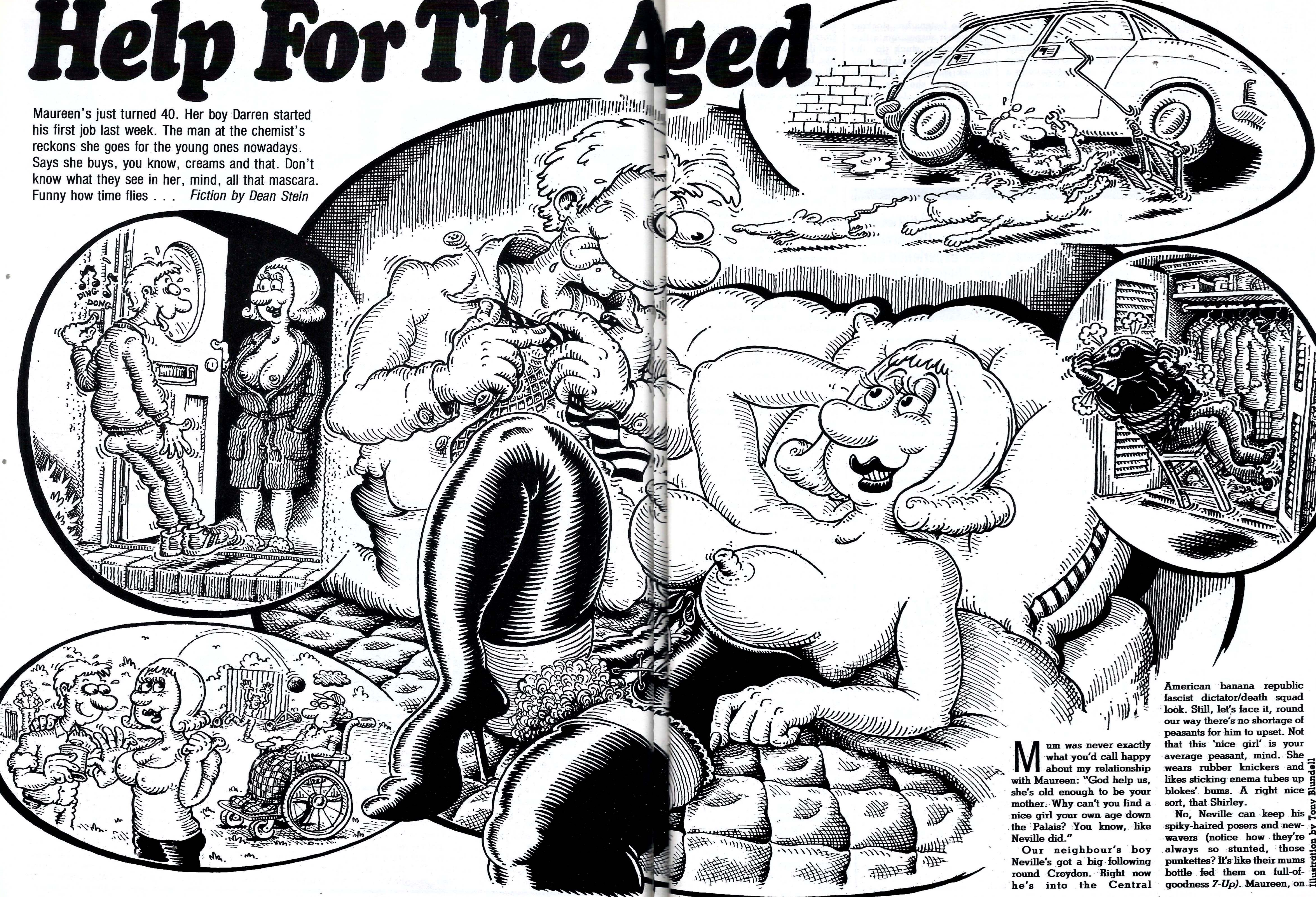


Illustration by Tony Blundell

Mum was never exactly what you'd call happy about my relationship with Maureen: "God help us, she's old enough to be your mother. Why can't you find a nice girl your own age down the Palais? You know, like Neville did."

Our neighbour's boy Neville's got a big following round Croydon. Right now he's into the Central American banana republic fascist dictator/death squad look. Still, let's face it, round our way there's no shortage of peasants for him to upset. Not that this 'nice girl' is your average peasant, mind. She wears rubber knickers and likes sticking enema tubes up blokes' bums. A right nice sort, that Shirley.

No, Neville can keep his spiky-haired posers and new-wavers (notice how they're always so stunted, those punkettes? It's like their mums bottle fed them on full-of-goodness *7-Up*). Maureen, on

HELP FOR THE AGED
Continued

the other hand, is cuddly and warm and understanding; big on crimson lipstick, big on top, with scented drawers full of flouncy, flimsy 'underthings.' My Dad calls her 'Vivacious.' Mum turns her nose up and says she remembers the time when Maureen had 'relations' with two 'layabouts' in the back of her cousin Neil's van, one New Year's Eve; a choice little anecdote which, true or not, never fails to render my nether parts profoundly tumescent.

She reads all the skin books, does Maureen. "Yes," she says as she turns the pages while we sit up in bed together on Sunday mornings, "I always like to keep my hand in . . ." Says she'd like a job answering the punters' letters and giving worldly advice — 'The Auntie Pain Column,' or some such. She knows about that sort of thing. Ever since her husband Clive crushed his pelvis under the Allegro, (Russell, the family dog, collided with the jack, in hot pursuit of a rat. Now Maureen calls him Jack — nice sense of humour), she's become an altogether more worldly woman, taking Clive to Wimbledon dogs on a Friday — no mean feat for him to get a bet on five seconds before the off — and entertaining a succession of lonely men (widowers, pensioners, the informed, the perverted) the rest of the week. Marvellous, the little gifts they leave on her mantlepiece, a heartwarming tribute to a big-hearted woman: boxes of crystallised ginger, Capo di Monte figurines, Royal Mint Chocolate Liqueur, wads of readies, and a red rubber vibrator in the form of a Buddhist monk whose head nods when you press speed no. 3.

I right fancy the bird. A cross between Jane Russell and Pat Phoenix, I'm proud I can make a woman of her experience and years happy. I love everything about her: the way she fastens her stocking tops to her suspenders with a Du Maurier stuck in the corner of her mouth; the thick lipstick smears on her glass and the way she says "Don't mind if I do, Luv" when blokes offer her drinks in the Duke's Head (G'n'T, or Tia Maria and Babycham if she fancies the geezer); the way she always says "Well, at least somebody's pleased to see me," when she takes my pants down.

"I right fancy the bird. A cross between Jane Russell and Pat Phoenix; I'm proud I can make a woman of her experience and years happy. I love everything about her; the way she fastens her stocking tops . . ."

'An aura of femininity.' That's the phrase that springs to mind whenever I think of Maureen. Terry Wogan said that about some bird or other, and it fits Maureen like a glove. I met her last July in Selsdon Park, pushing Clive along in his wheelchair on their way to a cricket match. Len Giles, captain of the Beddington XI, had just hit a six off a misdelivered googly from Big Ronnie Renshaw, and if I hadn't leapt to my feet like Ian Botham on sulphate, Clive the crip would still be plucking his ivories out of a Frank Tyson Super-Pro.

"Thanks a lot, Luv," said Maureen. "It would have served him right, anyway. The way he carries on nowadays, you'd think he was crippled from the neck down. Here — wet your whistle on this."

I'd never drunk warm Tia Maria from a hip flask before, but the waxy, tacky lipstick-caked neck added a certain piquancy which complimented it to perfection, as the wine writers in the Sunday supplements would say, (if they were pissed). Clive — balding, bloated, bespectacled — glared from his wheelchair. He wore an American-style baseball hat with a *Keep On Truckin'* motif on the brim, a British Home Stores Fred Perry shirt with massive underarm sweat stains, a car rug concealing his withered bits. His specs were fitted with snap-on shades.

"What's the matter with him?" I protested. "Voice paralysed as well?"

"Oh, take no notice, Luv. He's been all weird since the accident. Spends all his time writing nasty letters to Halfords. Bitter and twisted, that's him."

"Sounds like a bleedin' Britvic bitter lemon!" I jested, slapping her lovely plump bum and grabbing the hip flask for another swig. I knew I had found the lady of my dreams.

Now, it's only in dirty movies where they answer the door wearing nighties, right? Right. Maureen was no exception: "Why, Brian, how nice to see you," it says in a soppy, sprauncy accent, its tits threatening to pop out the top of its egg-stained candlewick dressing gown like a sweated-up 2-year-old bursting from the stalls in a 5 furlong nursery spring at Haydock.

"Clive's not here, is he?"

"Do leave off! It's his physiotherapy day at St. Mary's. Don't know why they bother, really. Still, it keeps him out of my hair for a few hours. Come in, you handsome thing — let me get you a drink."

"You're bloody useless, taking an overdose of placebos!"

Neville says I'm suffering from a morbid oedipus complex; says, furthermore, it's unnatural to hanker after middle-aged ladies. Sometimes, stretched out bollock-naked on Maureen's 60% wool/40% nylon Sandringham shag-pile, swilling Scotsmac from a Czechoslovakian lead-cut crystal brandy balloon, watching imaginary *Match of the Day* replays in the flickering flames of her gas log fire, copious amounts of the old Johnson's love-slush being worked into my eager phallus by Maureen's deft touch; I think about Neville, trussed-up like an unbasted poisson (that's thin-and-thicken to you, pal) in some scabies-ridden King's Cross squat, having his bottom interfered with by some bitter little King's Road poser from Deptford to the strains of Duran Duran. "Fetishism is fashionable," Neville proclaimed one Saturday morning when I went round to help him with his hair. "There's a club they all hang out, down the Charing Cross Road." Indeed, Neville is so kinky, so sleazo-depravo, I once caught him bang to rights whacking his weenie over a copy of *Whitehouse*. "Never knew you were into gynaecology, Nev?" I proffered, wittily. "What *would* Steve Strange say?"

Meanwhile, back in Tudor Gardens, East Croydon, Tretchikov's Green Lady is getting a right slant eyeful, for the lady of the house has removed her dressing gown to reveal the precise extent of her amorous intentions.

"A little gilding of the lily, Brian; I *do* hope you approve. After all, a woman of my years has to have recourse to a little, er, help."

Maureen's 'help', it transpired, was offered by a little shop in the Old Brompton Road specialising in exotic boudoir accoutrements fashioned from real polyvinylchloride.

Far from allowing me to savour the immeasurable delights of her plumpness *au naturel,* i.e. getting right stuck-in, Maureen had chosen to lace her ample midriff within the tight confines of a PVC waspie, reducing her waist to an improbable — and very slightly incongruous — 24 inches or so, exaggerating the extreme heaviness of her 46-inch breasts in a fashion that did not exactly register displeasure in my old chap. Her lightly suntanned thighs (Thomas Cook fortnight in Ibiza off-peak £195 all-in) were encased in matching black PVC thigh boots.

But never, ever, in my admittedly short and underprivileged life, had I the good fortune to clap eyes on such a joyously hairy grumble! If I didn't know better, I'd say it had been washed, blow-dried and fluffed-up specially for the occasion, tweaked and teased and pampered like the carbs on a formula Ferrari.

"A joyously hairy grumble! If I didn't know better, I'd say it had been washed, blow-dried and fluffed-up specially for the occasion, tweaked and teased and pampered like the carbs on a formula Ferrari."

"Like me?" says Mo, swivelling on her spikes for me to cop a load of the back view. Appreciating that her wobbly bits were held in check by the black vinyl, she was nevertheless in amazing nick for her vintage. Nothing, you know, leathery about it. No dimples on the thighs; no stretchmarks resembling a drunken paraplegic's thumbnail sketch of the Yangtse Delta; nothing, in short, to nullify the nudger. Get down you dog, down I say . . .

"Would you like to *eat* me?" it ventures, hands on hips, gams akimbo. Now, I *hate* that expression: reminds me of the barbecue sequence in *Cannibal Holocaust*.

"No ta, I'm not that peckish — but a plate would be handsome, you wanton woman!" So I got down on all fours and — to the opening strains of *Crossroads* — buried my face in her furry fragrance, pausing to pluck a wayward pube from between my incisors, en route to Mos's elusive clitoris. Not content with running its fingers teasingly through my Byronesque locks, it suddenly grabs my ears and pulls my head forward so that my nose is unceremoniously introduced to the oxygen-starved inner portals of her vaginal passage.

"Easy, gal! You're not Barry Sheene and my bleedin' ears ain't handlebars!"

"Saucy boy! Stop being cheeky and get back to work!"

Once I'd established the upper hand, Maureen softened appreciatively, grinding her hips as I alternated between licking her clitoris and lapping the periphery of her now gaping grunt. Though I could sense Mo was coming off in rather fine fashion, I wasn't — having come all the way from Wallington — about to settle for a self-bestowed handjob.

"Could we, er, retirez-vous to the boudoir, Ma'mselle?"

"Impudent dog! I have horsewhipped lesser men than you for such immodesty!"

Impudent dog? Horsewhipped? Immodwho? She didn't get *that* lingo late night shopping at Tesco's on a Thursday. More like she picked it up from some naff porno video.

"Yes, he likes a nasty, does Clive," says Mo, taking hold of my floater and dragging me upstairs to the masturbedroom.

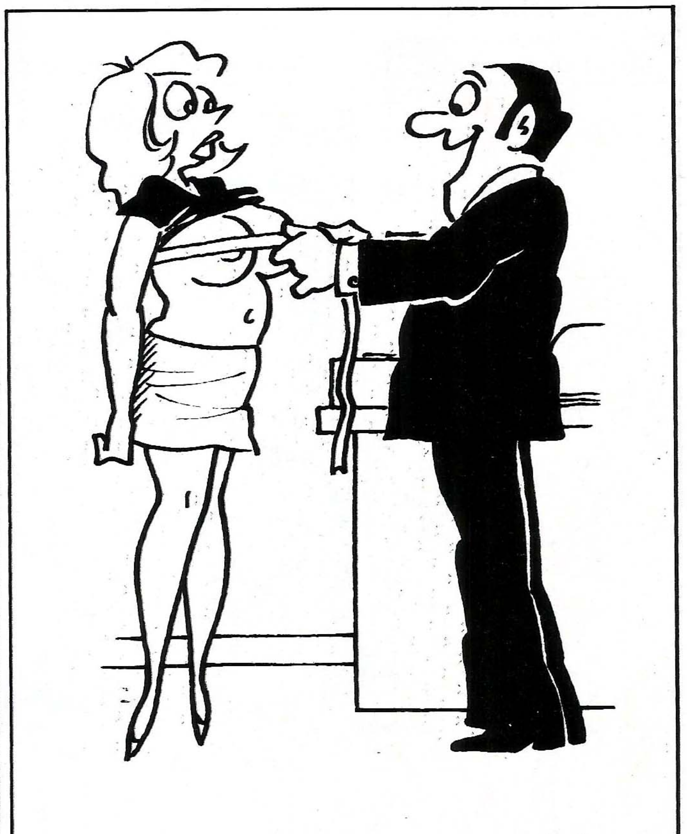
"You what? Thought you said he was paralysed!"

"No, *video* nasty, silly! Now that he can't, you know, *service* a woman, he likes to see them get hacked to bits after they've been raped and that. We get ours from the local pub. You know, syruptitious like. *SS Experiment Camp* was great. 'Moving,' Clive said."

It'd need something like that to move that venomous toad, I couldn't help but think. "Oh, nice — sort of absence makes the heart grow fonder," I ventured. "I'd have thought he'd have more of a chopper to grind with dogs, myself. The hardcore version of *Lassie,* or something."

"Now, now, mustn't mock the afflicted," says Mo, sitting at her mid 1960's Scandinavian-influenced dresser by G. Plan Esq., massaging palmfuls of Baby Oil into her glorious jugs.

"See," she says, turning to



"Yes, I think you're going to fit in nicely."

HELP FOR THE AGED
Continued

face me. "My nipples are perfectly erect. Come here, big boy, and put that lovely cock of yours between them."

Having quickly tumbled to my reticence in assuming the role of subservient puppydog, Maureen seemed happy enough to put plan no. 2 into action, i.e. to avail her sun-kissed carcass to a thorough rogering. I have to admit that holding her organ stops twixt thumb and forefinger while urging the old flagpole into her cleavage had the undesirable effect of momentary over-arousal, and I came within a millisecond of unloading there and then. And Maureen noticed.

"Nearly spunked then, didn't you?"

"If what you are endeavouring to convey is that I am guilty of momentary over excitement, you would be perfectly correct. Now then, how about a nice half-pound furburger for main course?"

"You know, I was thinking."

"Me too — about giving you a right rumping."

"No, about, you know, how kinky it would be if I took some Polaroids of us, you know, *at it*."

"Yeah — to taunt that poor hubby of yours with every time you have a ruck."

"Not at all: to remind me of you when I'm all alone and feeling . . . saucy."

"Dammit, if news of this leaks out I'll be blackmailed from White's and warned off Newmarket Heath. Go on then, gal, hurry up and get your tripod out: me pecker's dropped to half mast already."

A marvellous little innovation, the SC-70, particularly when used in conjunction with a remote control shutter release. I mean, just look at them! A smutty instant print triptych, all featuring Yours Truly doing unmentionable things with another chap's wife! Actually, Mo had a point: there *is* something rather pleasy-sleazy about taking saucy snatch snaps. She ran an appreciative palm along the underside of my now thumpingly erect cock as we perused the finer aspects of our DIY porn.

> **"There *is* something pleasy-sleazy about taking saucy snatch snaps. She ran an appreciative palm along the underside of my now thumpingly erect cock as we perused the finer aspects of our DIY porn."**

Then something happened that made my blood run cold (such was my fear that I had to consciously fight back an autoresponsive urge to defecate — but I won't go into that), for just as my fingertips were tracing a tippy-toe trail along Maureen's inner thighs, the wardrobe doors suddenly burst open and a hideous, 4-legged being crashed on to the carpet, convulsing wildly, uttering ghastly, stifled screams and tearing at its grotesque face. Its skin was black and shiny, and as I stood, horrified and speechless on the bed, it wriggled and twitched its way across the carpet towards me, still screaming.

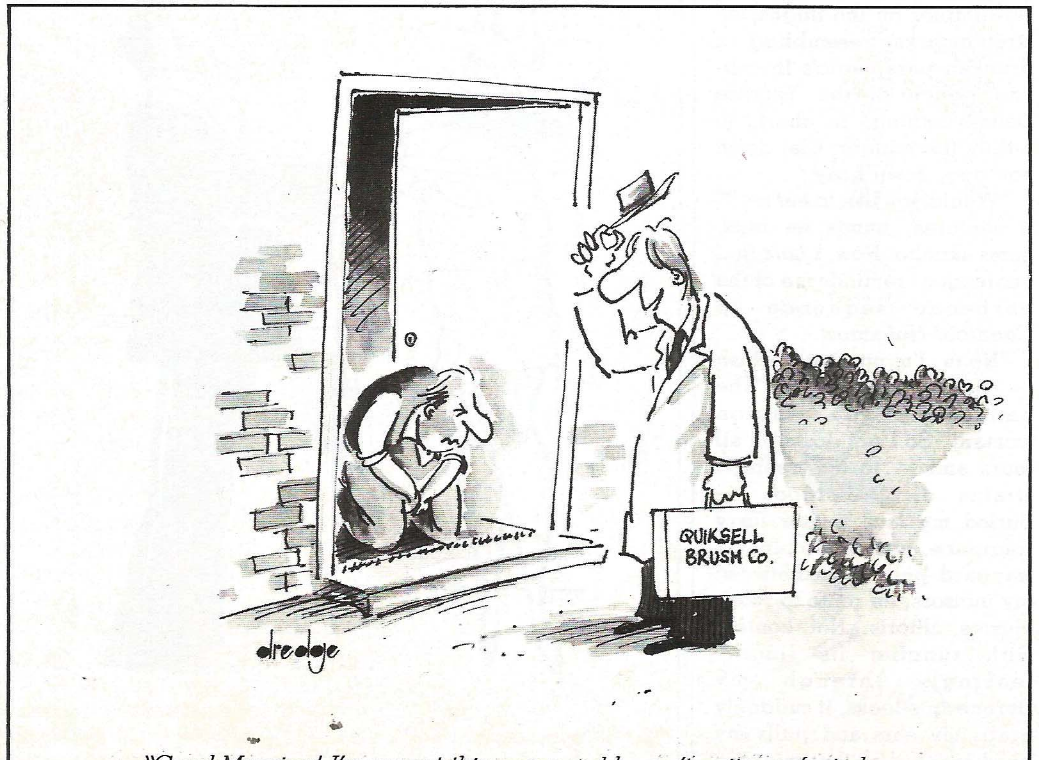
"Don't just stand there clutching your bollocks, you prat!" Maureen screamed at me. "His bleedin' gas mask's stuck. He's asphaltixing!"

It was only with brute force and a pair of nail scissors that we managed to extricate Clive's skull from the preposterous rubber 'restraint hood, by which time his skin was rapidly turning a disgusting shade of blue. It seemed that, bored with sitting in the cupboard, dressed in a pair of Mo's black tights, a black rubber bondage tunic and rubber gloves, peering through a knot-hole and gloating over our antics, Clive had decided to try the 'gas-mask' for size, the subsequent oxygen deprivation causing him to lose balance and fall out of the cabinet, still lashed to the chair in which Maureen had dumped his withered frame.

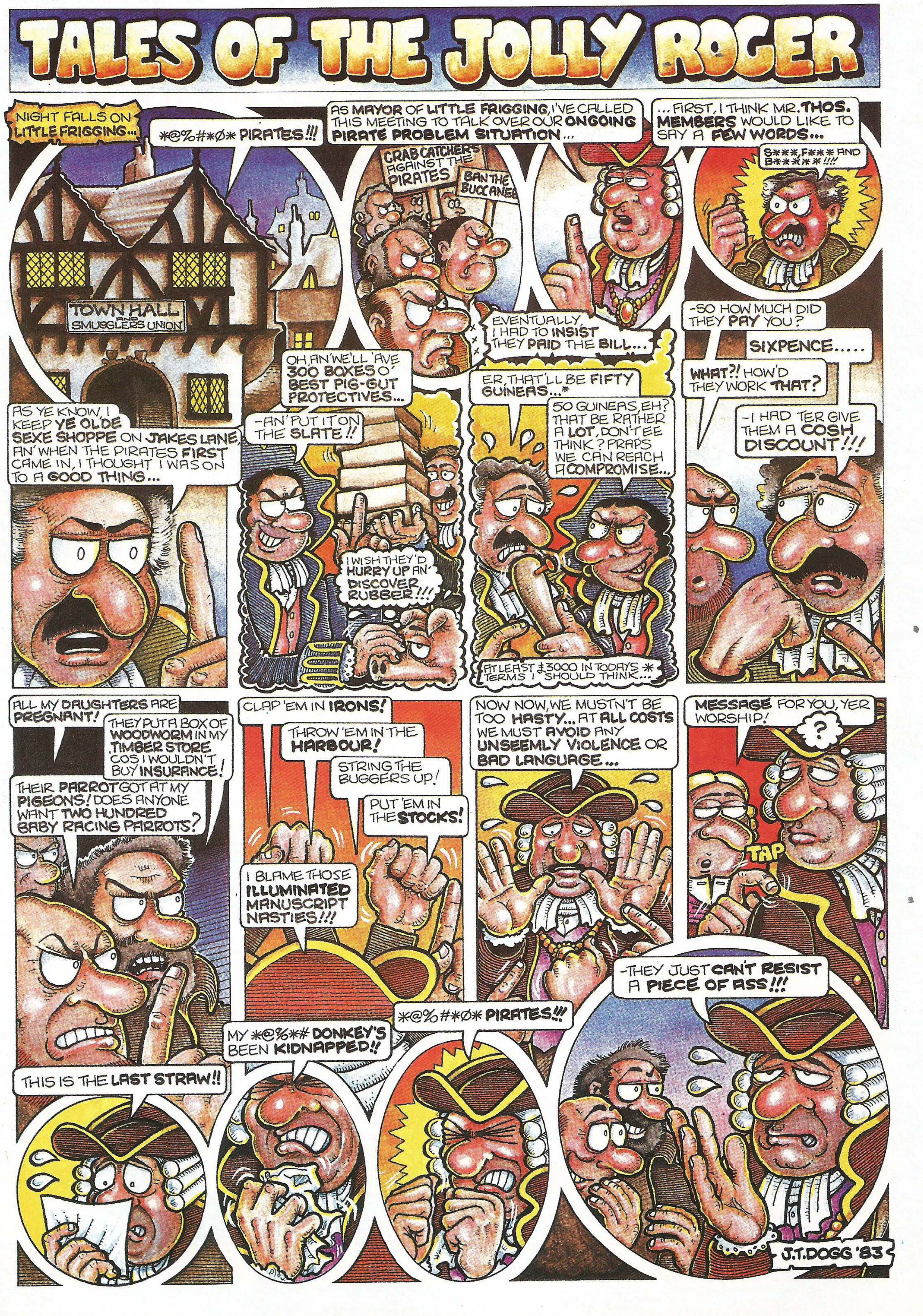
"Slags!" I ranted. "The state of you both! Bleedin' animals, perverted filthy animals! Gimme the Polaroids — I don't want none of this nonsense. Come on Mo — hand 'em over!"

Quick as a flash, Maureen grabbed the pics from where they lay on the pillow propped against the headboard, darted across the room, and yanked at an Athena Reproductions Peter Scott. In the wall safe behind it I caught a fleeting glimpse of a whip and a black rubber dildo before Maureen chucked in the prints and slammed the door.

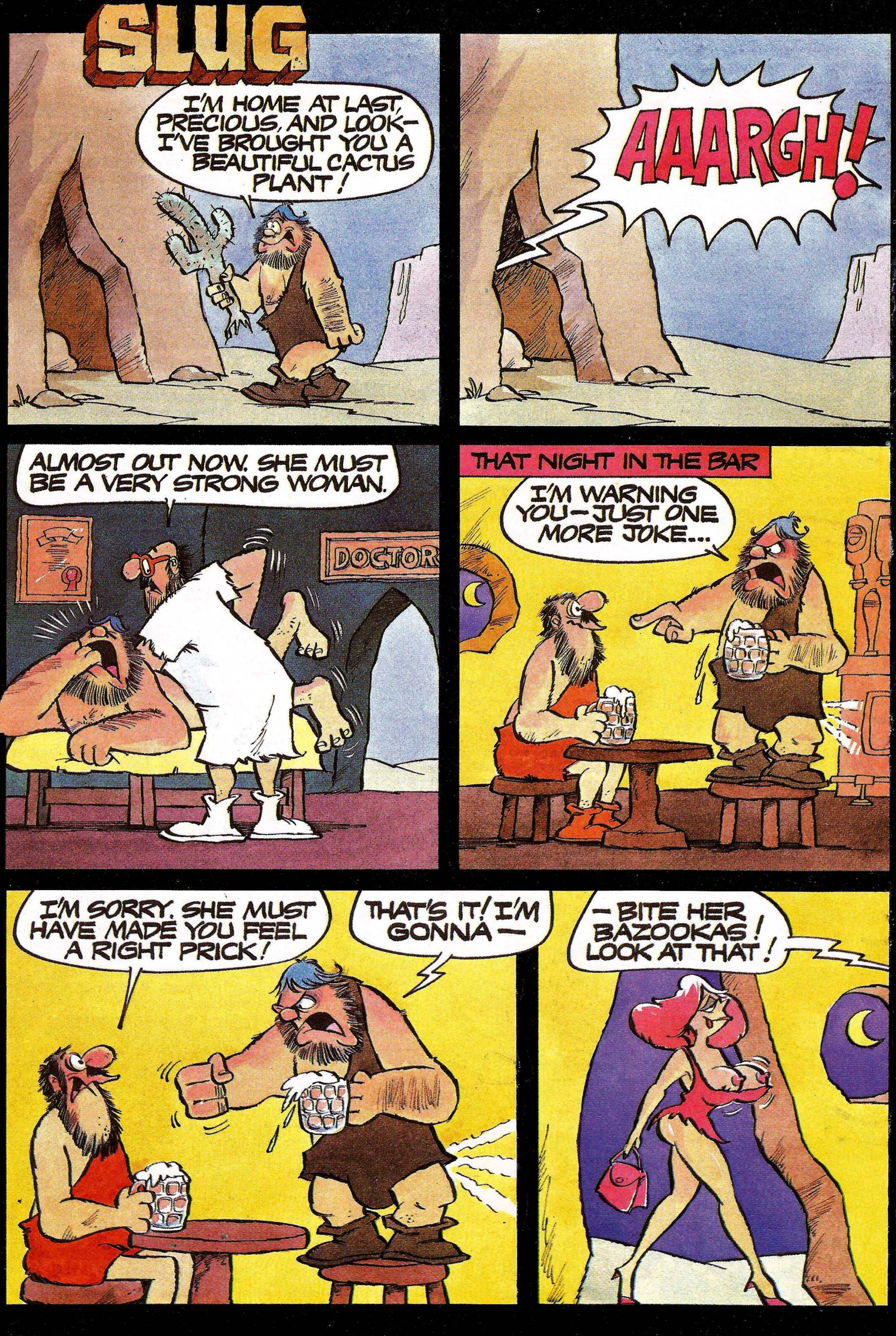
Unreal, right? Well, even blackmail has its bright side. The deal we struck was that, in return for the Polaroids, I was to service Maureen twice a week (with Clive watching, natch), and to accompany her and Clive to the West End Rubber Club on Monday nights. So there I am, last Monday, looking like a frogman on Spanish Fly (Maureen bought me the gear — terrific kit), manoeuvreing Clive's wheelchair around some sick sod tied to a crucifix, when we bump into my old spar Neville. He's wearing a black rubber posing pouch and thigh high waders, chatting-up this blinding bird with huge tits and a Dracula makeup job, attired in a black rubber mini, spiked 10-inch heels and an artistically ripped bra. They reckoned Clive's cripple get-up was 'stunningly chic,' and they've invited him and Mo and me round to the gaff next Tuesday for an 'S & M' party, which Nev says stands for Sex and Music. Should be good — I'm off upstairs now to dig out that old Bert Weedon LP from the attic. Be lucky!

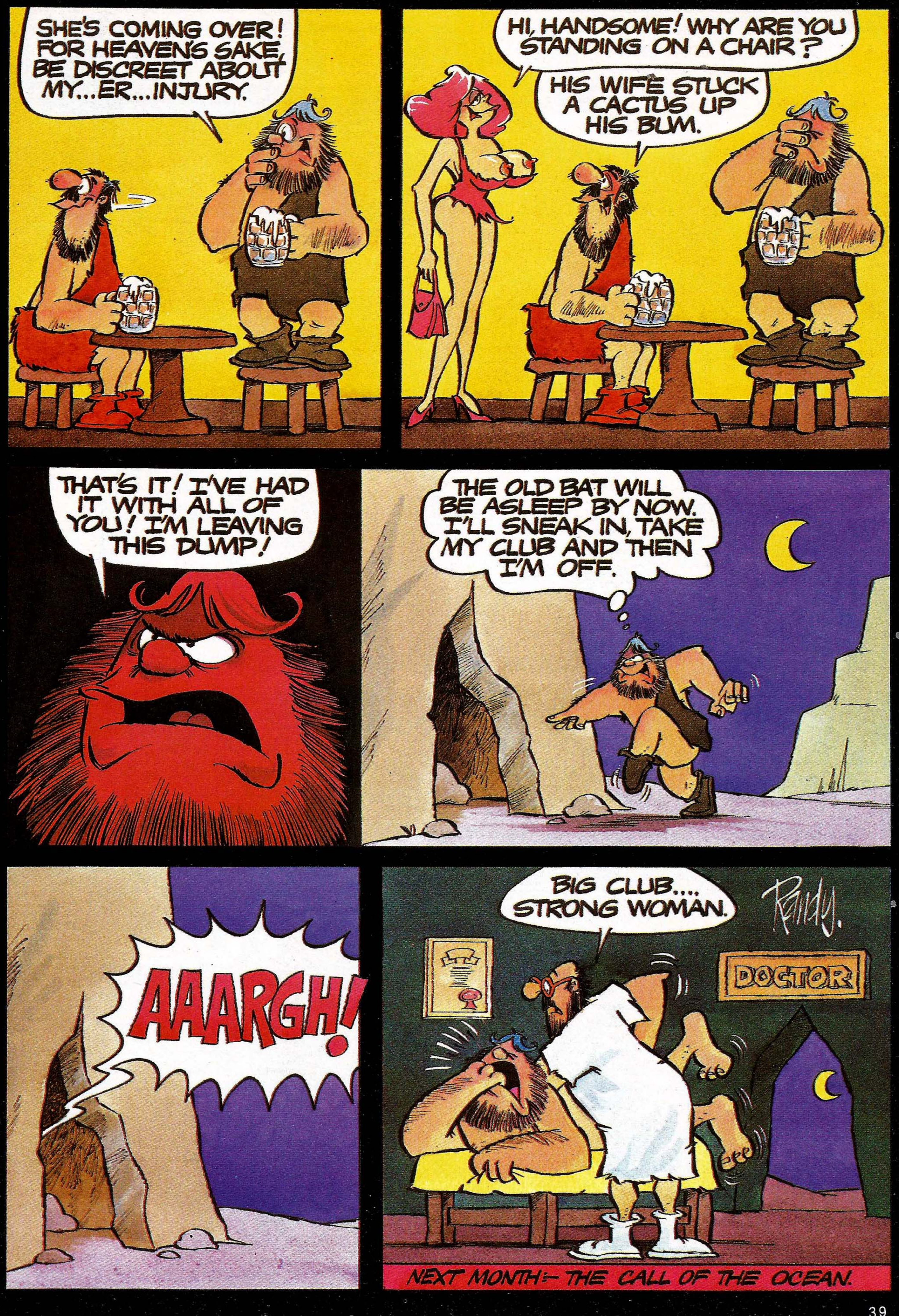

QUIKSELL BRUSH Co.
dredge

"Good Morning! I'm new at this game and haven't quite perfected the 'foot-in-the-door' technique!"


TALES OF THE JOLLY ROGER
NIGHT FALLS ON LITTLE FRIGGING...
*@%#*Ø* PIRATES!!!
TOWN HALL AND SMUGGLERS UNION
AS MAYOR OF LITTLE FRIGGING, I'VE CALLED THIS MEETING TO TALK OVER OUR ONGOING PIRATE PROBLEM SITUATION...
CRAB CATCHERS AGAINST THE PIRATES
BAN THE BUCCANE
...FIRST, I THINK MR. THOS. MEMBERS WOULD LIKE TO SAY A FEW WORDS...
S***, F*** AND B*****!!!
EVENTUALLY, I HAD TO INSIST THEY PAID THE BILL...
-SO HOW MUCH DID THEY PAY YOU?
SIXPENCE.....
WHAT?! HOW'D THEY WORK THAT?
-I HAD TER GIVE THEM A COSH DISCOUNT!!!
AS YE KNOW, I KEEP YE OL'DE SEXE SHOPPE ON JAKES LANE AN' WHEN THE PIRATES FIRST CAME IN, I THOUGHT I WAS ON TO A GOOD THING...
OH, AN' WE'LL 'AVE 300 BOXES O' BEST PIG-GUT PROTECTIVES...
-AN' PUT IT ON THE SLATE!!
I WISH THEY'D HURRY UP AN' DISCOVER RUBBER!!!
ER, THAT'LL BE FIFTY GUINEAS..*
50 GUINEAS, EH? THAT BE RATHER A LOT, DON'T EE THINK? PRAPS WE CAN REACH A COMPROMISE...
AT LEAST £3000 IN TODAYS TERMS I SHOULD THINK...
ALL MY DAUGHTERS ARE PREGNANT!
THEY PUT A BOX OF WOODWORM IN MY TIMBER STORE 'COS I WOULDN'T BUY INSURANCE!
THEIR PARROT GOT AT MY PIGEONS! DOES ANYONE WANT TWO HUNDRED BABY RACING PARROTS?
CLAP 'EM IN IRONS!
THROW 'EM IN THE HARBOUR!
STRING THE BUGGERS UP!
PUT 'EM IN THE STOCKS!
I BLAME THOSE ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT NASTIES!!!
NOW NOW, WE MUSTN'T BE TOO HASTY... AT ALL COSTS WE MUST AVOID ANY UNSEEMLY VIOLENCE OR BAD LANGUAGE...
MESSAGE FOR YOU, YER WORSHIP!
?
TAP
THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!!
MY *@%#* DONKEY'S BEEN KIDNAPPED!!
*@%#*Ø* PIRATES!!!
-THEY JUST CAN'T RESIST A PIECE OF ASS!!!
J.T. DOGG '83

SLUG


I'M HOME AT LAST, PRECIOUS, AND LOOK— I'VE BROUGHT YOU A BEAUTIFUL CACTUS PLANT!
AAARGH!
ALMOST OUT NOW. SHE MUST BE A VERY STRONG WOMAN.
DOCTOR
THAT NIGHT IN THE BAR
I'M WARNING YOU—JUST ONE MORE JOKE...
I'M SORRY. SHE MUST HAVE MADE YOU FEEL A RIGHT PRICK!
THAT'S IT! I'M GONNA—
—BITE HER BAZOOKAS! LOOK AT THAT!


SHE'S COMING OVER! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, BE DISCREET ABOUT MY...ER...INJURY.
HI, HANDSOME! WHY ARE YOU STANDING ON A CHAIR?
HIS WIFE STUCK A CACTUS UP HIS BUM.
THAT'S IT! I'VE HAD IT WITH ALL OF YOU! I'M LEAVING THIS DUMP!
THE OLD BAT WILL BE ASLEEP BY NOW. I'LL SNEAK IN, TAKE MY CLUB AND THEN I'M OFF.
AAARGH!
BIG CLUB.... STRONG WOMAN.
Randy.
DOCTOR
NEXT MONTH:- THE CALL OF THE OCEAN.

Hard Liquor and Soft Options

Fancy a drink? Fancy a change from Thruxton's Old Petunia, Belcher Strong Ale or Chateau Plonkeau? Our Man at the Distillery, *Alex Kernaghan,* talks most knowledgeably of the stronger stuff . . .

Photographed by Kim Art direction by T L

There's nothing like a good stiff one! Drink, I mean. It warms the heart, relaxes the body and generally allows us to change gears after the daily grind.

The most maligned of all beverages, there is no evidence whatever that alcohol, if taken in reasonable quantity, is in itself harmful. On the contrary, it stimulates the appetite, aids digestion and greatly reduces stress and strain. And has been doing so for a very long time.

The discovery of alcohol goes back more than 2 million years and was probably unearthed by some Palaeolithic imbiber who chanced upon the natural fermented sap of a hollow branch. In later times the Egyptians, Chinese, Greeks and Romans made good use of wine and beer, and many a religious ceremony was litle more than an excuse for a rare old knees-up.

During the Middle Ages in Europe alcohol was used, like today, to welcome guests and to create a more relaxed atmosphere at social gatherings — to 'toast' one's guest was so-called because a piece of spiced toast was put into the drinking vessel.

But wine and beer had to suffice until the 12th century when, to everyone's delight, alchemists developed the art of distillation and began to make spirits from wine; often adding spices and sugar to produce, in effect, the world's first liquers. Called 'aqua vitae' — the water of life — by the Romans it was more morosely dubbed 'schnapsteufel' — the drink of the devil — by the Teutons. You pays your money!

By the early 17th century so much

HARD LIQUOR AND SOFT OPTIONS *Continued*

spirits were being distilled that export began on a fairly large scale: brandy from France, gin from Holland, rum from the West Indies and whisk(e)y from Scotland and Ireland. In fact, so popular did alcohol become that far from extolling its medicinal virtues, which until then had been the case, many doctors began publishing work on the dangers and detrimental effects of heavy drinking. Such a furore was raised that the British government felt compelled in 1854 to impose restrictions on opening hours for pubs.

But the temperance lobby were not to have things their own way for long and the popularity of alcohol has risen unabated despite restrictions and even outright bans like the National Prohibition Act, passed in the United States in 1919.

Brandy was the first spirit to be exported on a large scale. Being a distillation of wine (as opposed to grain, rye or malt) French grape growers were quick to spot the economy of shipping one barrel of spirit as against 10 of vino. Known as Brandewijn (burnt wine) by traders it was eventually abbreviated in English to just brandy.

The finest brandies are those cultivated in the Cognac region of France, and it's worth remembering that while all Cognacs are brandy not all brandies are Cognac. When first distilled brandy (like whisky and rum) is as clear as vodka and its rich colour is only achieved after maturing in oak casks where the tannin in the wood gets to work. A deeper amber can be obtained by adding wood chips or a touch of caramel.

The process of maturing in cask is an expensive one and it is estimated that something like 50 million bottles of brandy are lost every year through evaporation. This loss is known as 'The Angel's Share' — for which, no doubt, the angels are very grateful.

Should you ever be rich or rash enough to order Fine Champagne Cognac you'll be supping a distillation made in the restricted Cognac region of France from wine produced in the equally restricted region of Champagne.

The letters V.S.O.P. stand for "Very Superior Old Pale" and denote brandy matured in cask (no spirit matures in bottle) for at least 4 years. If you happen to win the pools and wander into the world of Cognac Paradis you'll be snorting brandy in the region of 50 years old . . . and paying for the pleasure.

If brandy was the first spirit to be exported, gin was the first to enjoy widespread and commercial success. Developed by Dr. Franciscus de la Boe, a professor at the University of Leyden in Holland in 1554, gin was originally formulated as a medication. Realising the beneficial properties of the juniper berry, held to relieve bladder and kidney complaints, Dr. de la Boe infused the juice of the juniper with distilled spirit — and the medicine caught on. Gin was appreciated by those with or without bladder trouble. English soldiers, fighting in the Netherlands, brought the taste back to Britain, along with the tag 'Dutch courage.' Gin became so popular it could even be bought in barbers and tobacconists and it wasn't long before London distillers began making their own. Today London dry gin is considered the finest available and is the basis of literally hundreds of cocktail recipes. Mother's ruin had arrived.

If your tipple happens to be Scotch you have over 2,000 brands to choose from, made up from about 200 different blends. A slow starter that never really caught on till the latter half of the nineteenth century, Scotch is now the most highly regarded spirit in the drinking world.

There are two distinct kinds of Scotch whisky; malt and grain. Malt is made from malted barley and grain from the mash of fermented corn. Malt is the more expensive, though your everyday Scotch is always, in fact, a blend of the two. Like brandy, whisky must be matured for a minimum of 3 years before it can be sold, though many brands are matured for 10 or even 15 years. Such lengthy periods in cask result in a massive loss through evaporation that's estimated at an incredible 4 million gallons a year. Enough to keep us all well tanked.

Many of today's best known brands have been going a long time. Back in 1883 one enterprising distiller, James Buchanan, was bottling his Scotch as Buchanan's Blend. But to give it a more unique appearance he sold it in a black bottle with a starkly contrasting white label. Soon customers stopped asking for Buchanan's and simply called for — the Black and White. Another distiller, William Saunderson, weary of experimenting with so many blends, made up a hundred or more and put them in numbered vats. Then he asked some friends along to try them and give an opinion. After the hangovers the consensus was for — VAT 69.

It's a peculiar fact that Scotch cannot be distilled anywhere but Scotland. Many an entrepreneur has gone to the trouble and expense of importing Scot's equipment, barley and even water. But to no avail. Not only is the water of Scotland imperative for good Scotch but so too is the climate, indeed the very air. It's the air mixing with the spirit year after year as it 'breathes' between the staves of the cask that gives Scotch whisky its singular quality and taste.

You don't have to have served aboard a British man o' war to enjoy yo-ho-hoing but it helps. Since the middle of the 17th century a daily ration of rum was the due of every sailor that served with the Royal Navy; usually a fine dark demerara made from the juice of the sugar cane grown along the Demerara river in Guyana. Some rums are still made this way, but today most are distilled from fermented molasses, a syrup obtained from raw sugar.

Rum is produced mainly in the West Indies in exotic places like Jamaica, Barbados and Trinidad. It was a great favourite during the Colonial era, (though a manuscript of the time described it as "a hot, hellish and terrible liquor,") and was much used in trade between the West Indies and England. When Parliament imposed a heavy tax on molasses in 1733 to restrict imports from French and Spanish colonies, rum smuggling came into its own.

A particular fancy of the period was the rum flip, made by plunging red-hot loggerheads into the spirit. Eventually "to be at loggerheads" meant that the irons were being used by the patrons on each other instead of the rum.

Huge quantities of rum are still imported in bulk today for maturing and bottling in Britain, though the new trend is for light dryer rums rather than the once dark favourite.

The last great spirit is vodka. The most neutral of all spirits, vodka has been produced in Russia, Poland and Czechoslovakia since the 12th century and is a distillation from a mash of grain (and not as is commonly supposed from potatoes). Often distilled twice for purity it is further 'cleansed' by filtering through a bed of charcoal to remove any hint of flavour or aroma, and it's this purity that makes it such a great mixer.

Never very popular in the West, vodka didn't take off until the early 1950's when sales began to soar. There's no clear reason why, though some have put it down to the enormous appeal of Ian Fleming's James Bond who, as we all know, preferred his vodka martinis shaken not stirred. Whatever the reason there is no doubt that vodka is the drink phenomenon of the 20th century.

If your taste lies in the direction of something a bit sweeter you've no shortage of liqueurs to choose from. A great favourite with the ladies, liqueurs are made by dissolving herbs, spices or seeds in alcohol (often brandy or whisky) or by distilling the spirit (often vodka) through special baskets of herbs and fruit. Sugar is also necessary for sweetness and body and the minimum content is 200 grams per litre, or twice that for Cremes.

The exact recipes for many liqueurs are closely guarded secrets handed down through generations. Chartreuse, for instance, is concocted by the Carthusian brothers in Voiron, France from a 17th century recipe that includes more than 130 different ingredients. Benedictine is made by another monastic sect, the Benedictine monks of Normandy, and contains over 20 herbs, including balm, nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves and vanilla.

Grand Marnier is a cognac based liqueur that has been soaked in oranges with sugar and herbs added, while Drambuie is a malt-whisky base to which an essence of herb oils has been mixed. Another whiskey-based liqueur is Southern Comfort, made from American bourbon flavoured with citrus fruits and peaches.

Cointreau gets its taste from the peel of sweet and bitter oranges, while Creme de Menthe is prepared from a variety of mints. Tia Maria is rum-based and flavoured with Jamaican Blue-mountain coffee beans, Advocaat is brandy-based with fresh eggs added while Pernod derives its rather liquorice taste from aniseed.

You can even have a go at making liqueurs of your own (you don't have to be a monk). You can turn an inexpensive bottle of grape brandy into cherry, apricot, peach or orange brandy by pulping the appropriate fruit and adding sugar and honey. This process is called maceration. The mixture should be left standing for about 3 months then drained off.

The same is true of any spirit though vodka, being neutral, is especially good as it tends to fully reflect the taste of the fruit or herb crushed in it.

Making your own wine or beer presents few problems (provided you don't try selling it) as a visit to any large chemist's branch will prove. If you can make a cup of tea you can brew 5 gallons of beer.

Alas, the only thing you aren't allowed to do is distill your own spirits. Otherwise you may end up in the dock like one poor wretch accused of distilling without a licence. "What is the proof of this charge?" demanded the judge. "This m'lud," answered the prosecuting counsel holding up a piece of distilling equipment found on the man's premises. "Case proved," said the judge. "Does the defendant have anything to add?"

"Yes your honour," replied the defendant. "I'd also like to plead guilty to rape." "You'd like to do what!" exclaimed the amazed judge. "If you please your honour," said the man evenly, "though I have the equipment to do both, I have in fact done neither."

Cheers!

Cocktail Corner

Here are a dozen cocktail recipes guaranteed to put zing and zip into your next party. It doesn't much matter what you use as a measure. I find a stainless steel eggcup perfect. Or a small sherry glass if you're mixing for two or three at a time.

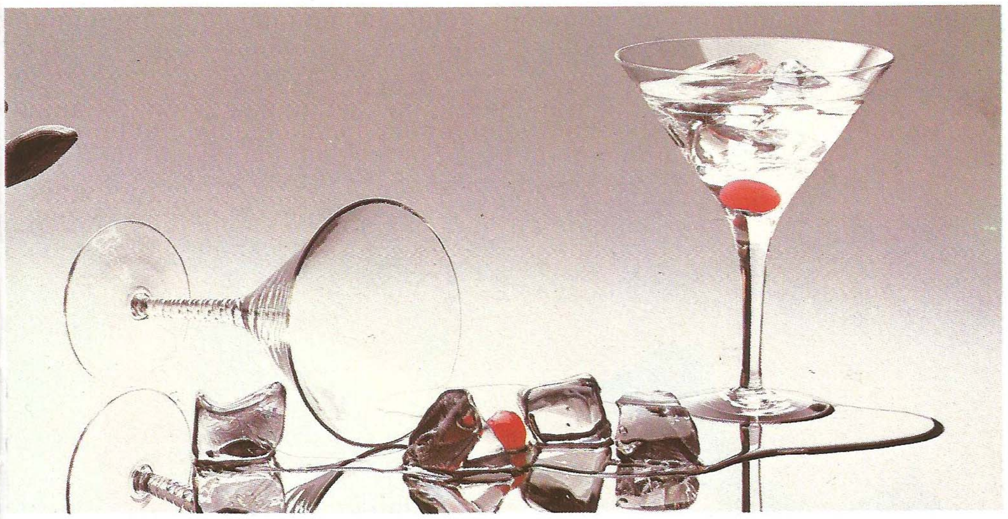
KNAVE BLITZ
1 part vodka
1 part green Chartreuse
1 part lime
Shake well, serve over crushed ice and top up with lemonade.

GOLDEN SCREW
1 part vodka
2 parts orange juice
1 part pineapple juice
Shake well and serve with ice.

SIDECAR
1 part Cognac
Half part Cointeau
Half part fresh lemon juice
Shake well and pour into cocktail glass.

TOM & JERRY
1 part dark rum
1 tbs. egg yolk and egg white (beaten separately and then combined)
1 tsp. sugar
Place ingredients in a mug, top with boiling water and sprinkle with nutmeg.

TIGER'S TOOTH
1 part Irish Whiskey
Dash of lemon juice
Dash of Italian vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters
Shake well and serve over ice.



WHISKY SWIZZLE
1 part Scotch
2 parts lime or lemon juice
Dash of Angostura bitters
Shake well and serve with ice.

GIN SLING
1 part dry gin
Half tsp. sugar
Dash of Angostura bitters
Pour over ice in glass and top with water.

WHITE LADY
1 part dry gin
Juice of half a lemon
1 part Cointreau
1 tbs. egg white
Shake well and pour into cocktail glass.

ALASKA
1 part dry gin
Third part yellow Chartreuse
Shake well and serve over ice.

MOSCOW MULE
1 part vodka
Juice of half a lime
Pour over ice and top up with ginger ale.

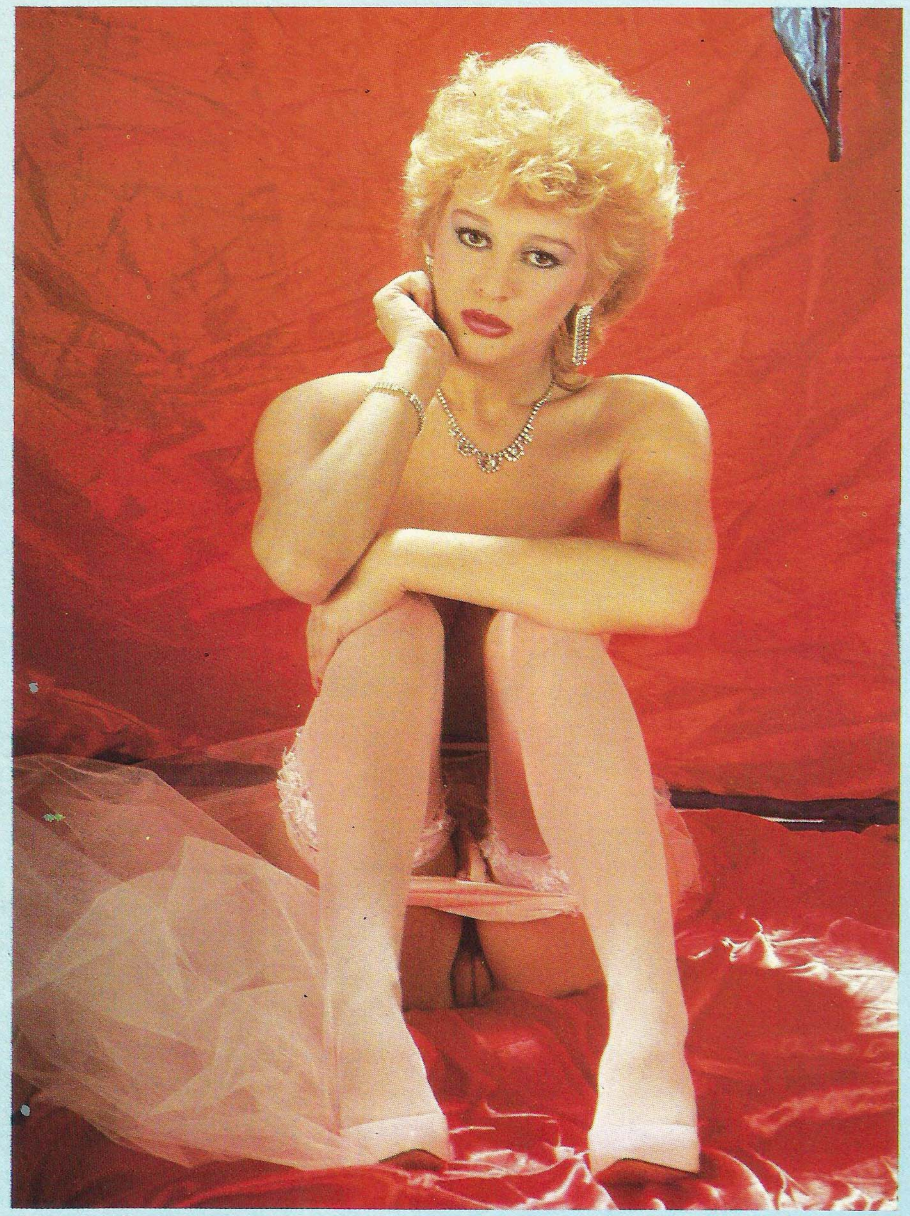
DAIQUIRI
1 part light rum
Half part lime juice
Half part pure orange
Serve with crushed ice.

CUBA LIBRE
1 part light rum
1 tbs. lime juice
Pour over ice and top with Coca-Cola.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY K. K. JONES

Ruth

Let us celebrate Valentine's Day (only a little late) in the company of the utterly scrumptious Ruth — she of the dirty look that thrills. Nice dress; Callaghan & Myers, 01-381 4990, surprisingly cheap to hire! Nice chocs too. Twenty quid's worth and your own message spelled out (I Love Knave), but we're not saying where we got them because they were rude to us — so there!



Ruth

Porn Cocktail

There's Hollywood. . .
and then again there's the porno business;
from softcore to video filthies; from stars to bit-part hustlers.
Our Special Co-respondent, *Jim Dawson*, passes on all the very latest gossip. . .

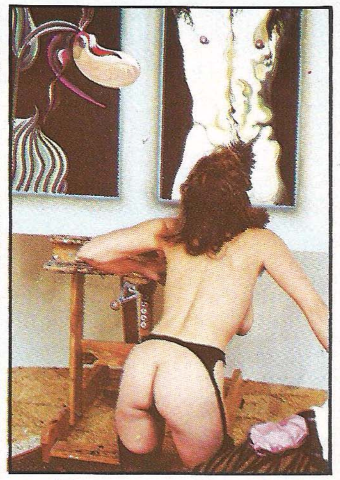
FLASHPANTS

A German film, *Trashi*, goes rock video. . .

The rock video revolution is beginning to reach the smut business. First, there's a new film out called *Flashpants,* a carnal clone of *Flashdance,* the international hit that critics have labeled "an hour and a half of rock videos." A new video feature called *Deviations* employs rock music and hi-tech sex scenes. And several projects now in production will be based on the rock video format of hard-driving music, flashy sets, weird camera angles and fast cuts. But instead of showcasing rock stars, these upcoming videos will glamourize porn stars getting in their hottest licks. Whether veteran porn directors, accustomed to grinding out straightforward sex scenes, can properly deal with the surrealism and supergloss that characterize rock videos remains to be seen. But certainly it will encourage more experimentation in what has become a pretty hackneyed medium as well as attract young, imaginative filmmakers into the X-rated business.

Rinse Dream, the genius behind *Nightdreams* and *Cafe Flesh,* as well as his partner, F.X. Pope, were perhaps too far ahead of this new development. *Cafe Flesh,* the hippest, most stylised porn film ever made, was trounced by men's magazine reviewers and X-rated industry insiders (producers, distributors, etc.), and as a result both Dream and Pope left the business to, you guessed it, make rock videos. Dream confided that he thinks this latest move by porn producers to cash in on the rock video phenomenon is a sad joke. "When these cats with the gold chains try to be hip," he said, "they're fucking pathetic. They've all got a polyester mentality, they're stupid. When something really innovative comes along, they can't understand it. You can't convince me anything's gonna change."

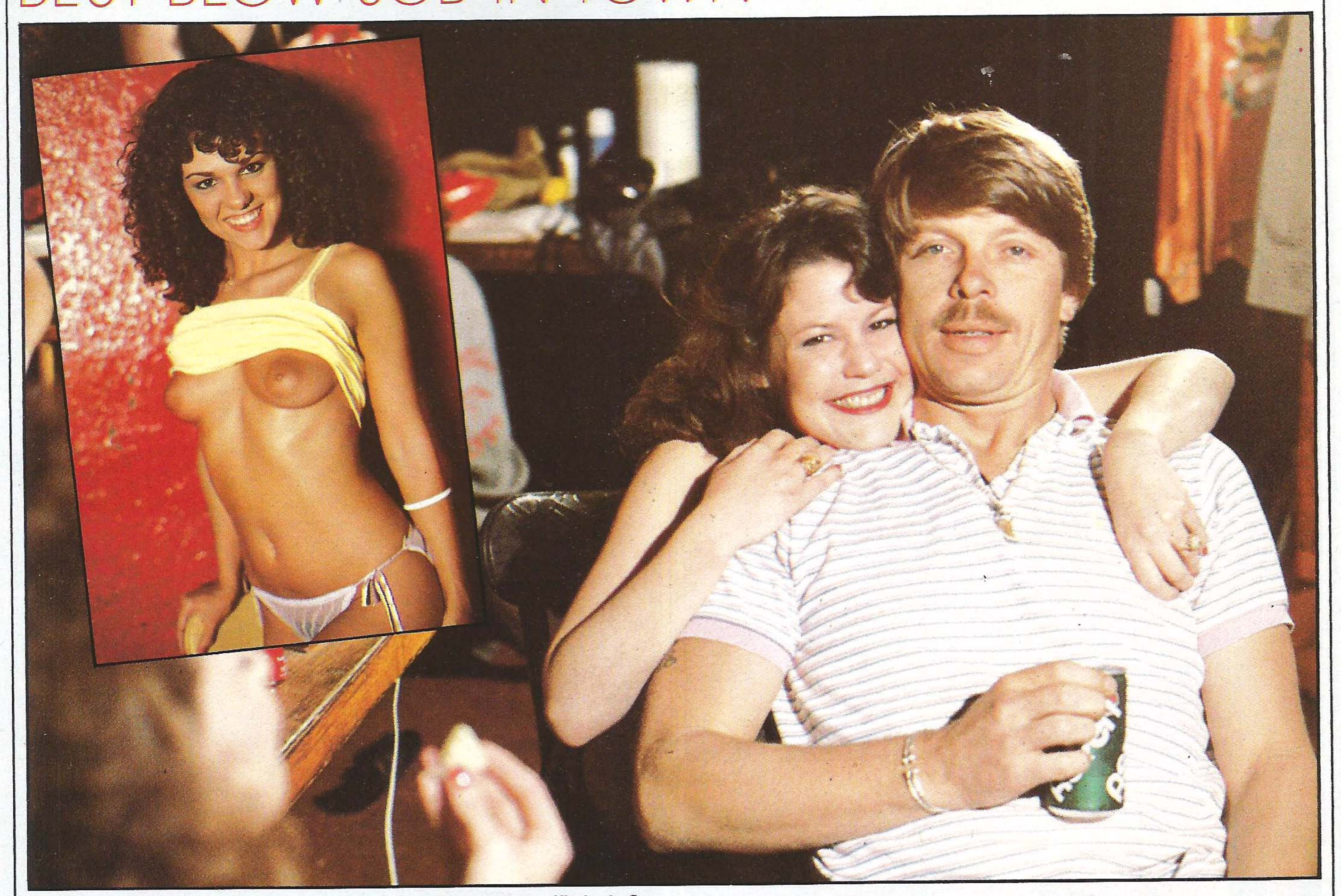
Maybe he's right. Still, some porn *auteurs* like Fred Lincoln and Lasse Braun are capable of presenting startling and imaginative images. Lincoln, in particular, is good at using rock music in his films, and one confidante hinted that Fred's next film will be the adult world's answer to *Flashdance*. Let's hope so, because both *Flashpants* and *Deviations* were big disappointments and their attempts at trendiness were merely hilarious.



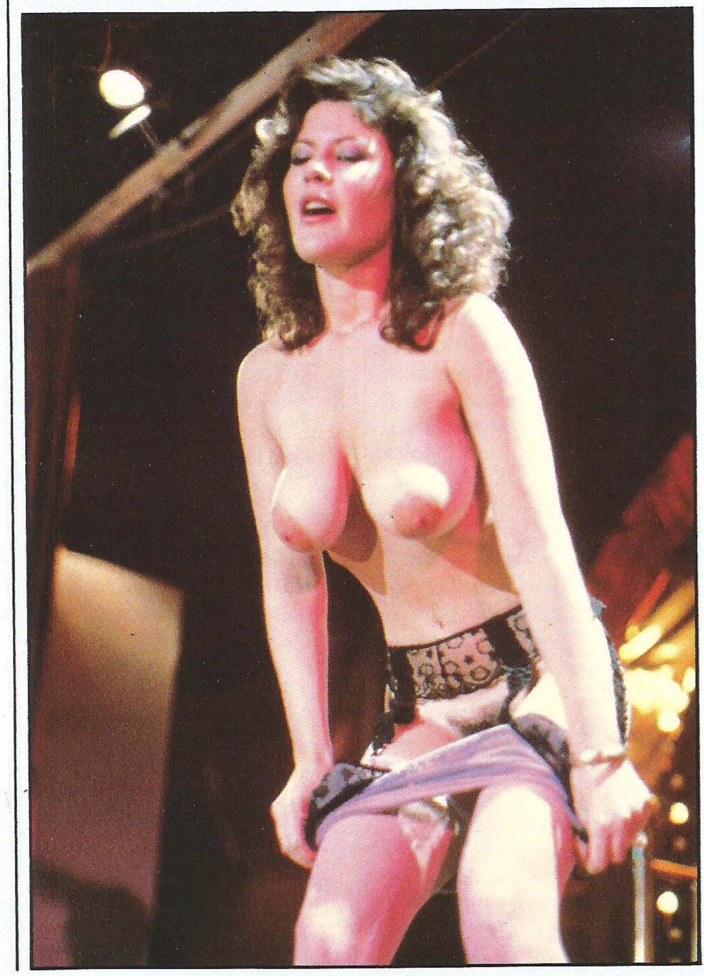
. . . while *Little Oral Annie* goes surreal.

And Pia Snow in *Cafe Flesh*.

BEST BLOW JOB IN TOWN



Pamela Louise with director Damon Christian; (inset) the delicious Kimberly Carson.



Pamela Louise, star of *Eat At The Blue Fox,* declared herself "the best blowjob in X-rated movies today" at a September screening in Hollywood, before seven or eight men's magazine critics. The movie hadn't started yet, and we were all standing around a buffet table.

"How do we know that?" one intrepid writer asked her.

"Just watch the movie and you'll see," said the brash young brunette, looking otherwise very prim in a high-collared green dress.

"Hell, all blowjobs look pretty good on the screen," I suggested. "That doesn't tell us anything."

"Yeah, we need proof," said someone else.

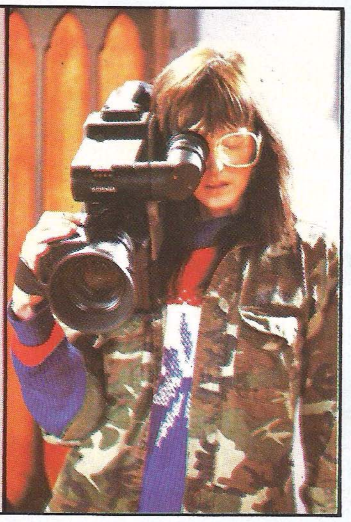
Needless to say, Pamela is a trouper who, as a newcomer to the porn film business, wants to put her best lip forward. She sat with the reviewers in the front row, separated by 12 empty rows from the PR girl, several stars, and one of the producers of *Eat At The Blue Fox* who sat at the rear. And after the action got started up on the screen, things weren't exactly dull in the audience. Not everyone wanted to sample Pamela's oral talents. Tell you the truth, I didn't either. But in the line of duty the truth must be sought out, and as responsible smut journalists we can't just let any porn starlet run around bragging that she's the best cocksucker on the scene.

Luckily for me, by the time Pamela knelt between my legs and slipped her silky lips over my cock, another beauty by the name of Kimberly Carson was sucking a cock up on the screen. It was easy to pretend that all that wet warmth in my lap was Kimberly's giant face and mouth.

So when I came — rather loudly — it was hard to give Pamela Louise all the credit. But I'll concede this: Pamela is *one* of the best cock-suckers in the porn business today. (The lady doth protest too much, methinks. Come to that, so does the gentleman. — Ed.)

ARE THE LADIES REAL?

Gail Palmer.



Drea.

And Carol Connors in *Candy*.

Carol again, directing herself in *Desire For Men*. . .

Folks in the porn industry, when assailed by women's lib groups who claim that X-rated films degrade women and cater only to male fantasies, often counter by saying, "But many porn film-makers are *women*!" That is supposed to disarm critics, and perhaps it does to some extent.

Anne Perry Rhine is a pioneer film-maker. Once an actress in nudie-cutie films (the '60s version of X-rated movies), she turned to producing and directing dozens of adult films *(Sweet Savage* and *Undercovers* among them). She also founded the Adult Film Association of America, which established the Erotica Awards.

Maria Tobalina and Marga Aulbach are two noteworthy film producers based in Los Angeles. Lisa Barr directed several good films, including *Downstairs/Upstairs*, Seka's debut film. Juliet 'Aunt Peg' Anderson directed a line of video features. Another actress, Drea, has worked as an editor, producer and, recently as a director *(Fantasy Follies)*. But perhaps the most famous female director of them all is Gail Palmer, who was responsible for *The Erotic Adventures Of Candy* and several other popular films.

But several insiders are now insisting that Gail Palmer was merely the nominal director of her films. "Her cinematographer was almost always Bob Chinn," said one of Miss Palmer's former crew members, referring to the veteran director responsible for John Holmes' *Johnny Wadd* films. "Gail Palmer couldn't direct traffic on a country road."

One can always discount one or two disgruntled former employees, but the rumour that Gail Palmer actually let Chinn do most of the work has been going around for years. Chinn himself is mum on the subject because he's now directing a series of Hyapatia Lee movies produced by none other than Palmer herself. But the star of Palmer's Candy films, Carol Connors, who went on to direct herself in *Desire For Men,* remembers, "Gail wasn't around much. Bob was the guy moving things." Carol was quick to add that she herself *was* the director of *Desire Of Men,* but that's certainly nothing to be proud of. Outside of a stumpfucking scene with amputee Long Jeanne Silver, *Desire For Men* was a forgettable waste of two hours.

. . . and having all the fun.

Drea admits that she's heard the rumour also that Gail Palmer was more of a power player than a director. "I don't think she's the only one," says Drea, star of *Country Comfort*. "Some men hide behind a woman director because it's good for business, and some women are simply the girlfriends of big producers. But don't be too quick to judge women directors. When I was making *Fantasy Follies* I relied quite a bit on my cameraman because I was still learning. It's hard to tell sometimes when you're directing and when you're not."

Perhaps the argument is moot. These days, Gail Palmer is limiting herself to producing.

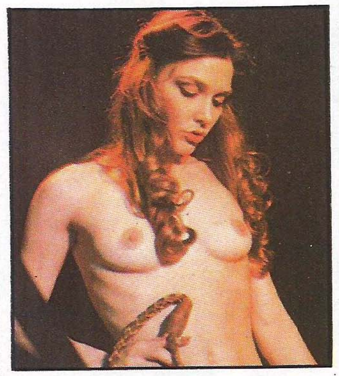
Incidentally, Adele Robbins, who has made such films as *Little French Maid* and *Sweet Cheeks,* is actually a directing pseudonym for Joe Robertson, the film editor of last year's *Cafe Flesh*.

John Leslie with Carol Connors . . .

MONEY TALKS

. . . in *Taste of Money*.

One of the year's biggest hype jobs is Constance Money's comeback film, *A Taste Of Money,* in which Constance goes through all the travails of making a comeback and, at the end, decides not to do it. In real life, she should have followed the script. *The Taste Of Money* is an embarrassingly bad film that shouldn't have been made, and the former star of such great porn movies as *The Opening Of Misty Beethoven* (1976) and *Barbara Broadcast* (1977) is now an embarrassingly bad actress who should've stayed in retirement. In the film, she slurred her words and sometimes bounced off the walls in an effort to walk upright. Likewise, at last summer's Erotica Awards ceremonies in Los Angeles she was so wasted that she could barely talk as she presented an award.



But Atom Video, which is handling the cassette release of *A Taste Of Money,* is determined to bluff its way through with a stiff upper lip and hope that nobody notices what a dog it's got on its hands, (the film, not Constance). In an unprecedented move, Atom Video has announced a nationwide contest offering a dream vacation to Acapulco with Constance Money. Participants must be at least 18 years old and send in an entry form with a proof-of-purchase coupon from the video box.

Meantime, Miss Money is touring the country with the theatrical release of *A Taste Of Money* in hopes of drumming up business. No doubt the producers will more than get their money back in bringing Money back.

HOW TO PISS-OFF MORE Girls

There are some dangerous books around. Worst of all are those that tell you how to pick up girls. JOHN WILKES has been trying out some of the techniques they advocate. He found himself very close to picking up several smart-ass young women — by the throat.

There's one type of book you *can* judge by its cover. By its title even. Such a volume will be called: *You can pick up more girls.* Or: *Pick up girls the easy way.* Or: *How to make more chicks.* Or: *Get your prick up more birds.* Or something equally cocksure.

The arrogance of the title should warn you off straight away. You can tell what's coming. A puffed up pile of verbiage in the middle of which the author, Mr Patronising Git, will instruct you in what you wear, how to act and what to say in order to be successful with women.

Which has got to be crap, because if there's one thing generations of men have agreed upon it is that the force which attracts women to men has less than bugger all to do with these things. It is invisible. Thousands of years of watching beauties going off with the most odious berks should have taught us something. Like only chat up a girl when you fancy her so much you can't *help* but

AZ
Austin 83

HOW TO PISS-OFF MORE GIRLS *Continued*

wade in, eyes shining and pheremones reeking out promises of undying lust. That's the way to get girls. And if you don't fancy her that much, why bother? If it's just a matter of needing a conquest to impress the lads you can always lie.

The other thing the title tells you about the 'pick-up book' is that Mr Git intends to treat all girls as if they fitted one, or at best four, typical patterns. Thus ignoring the advice of our greatest philosophers. From Plato's dictum: "No one tart acts like another" to Stendhal's "There's no understanding bints."

Of course Mr Git and his publishers know nothing about philosophy. All he knows is how much he gets paid per word. All they know is that there's a bunch of desperate fat, spotty and three-headed guys out there who will grab any old straw.

It's so irresponsible. They must know that most of their readers will be shit-scared of women and tongue tied with nerves. And yet each book of this ilk makes a point of publishing 'witty' pick-up lines for the poor sods to use.

Set-up lines they should be called. Because, unless girls have got a lot less witty in the few years since I hung up my Y-fronts, these lines are naturals for the neat put-down.

Even stupid girls can make you look a twerp if you proffer limp intros like these. The witty ones will have a field day. I know. I've been trying them.

Not that I've been humiliated. I'd hate you to think that the Wilkes talent for the glib retort is fading. But, more often than not the use of these lines has ended in a battle of badinage with a witty and unimpressed girl, leading at last to strong words, huffs, and other vehicles of that sort in which irate ladies take their leave.

I have not taken ONE of these 'pickupables' (as such books call them) to bed. Although I did almost take one to court. As a result of this stunningly stupid pick-up line:

"I say, that's a smashing looking dog. Did you knit it yourself?"

"Sic 'im Doberkins!"

"Aaagh! Help! Police! Save me . . . (splash)."

Here's another gem of ineptitude. Mr Git invites you to assault harmless unprotected girls with the line: "You won't be offended if I ask your advice?" This is *always* a good opener, he titters, because girls can *never* resist an opportunity to sound off. Ha ha. So what happens in practice?

> "Of course Mr. Git and his publishers know nothing about philosophy. All he knows is how much he gets paid per word. All they know is that there's a bunch of desperate, fat, spotty and three-headed guys out there who will grab any old straw. It's so irresponsible. They must know that most of their readers will be shit-scared of women . . ."

"You won't be offended if I ask your advice?"

"Not at all. Switch to Mum Extra-Dry."

It could be worse. She might play along.

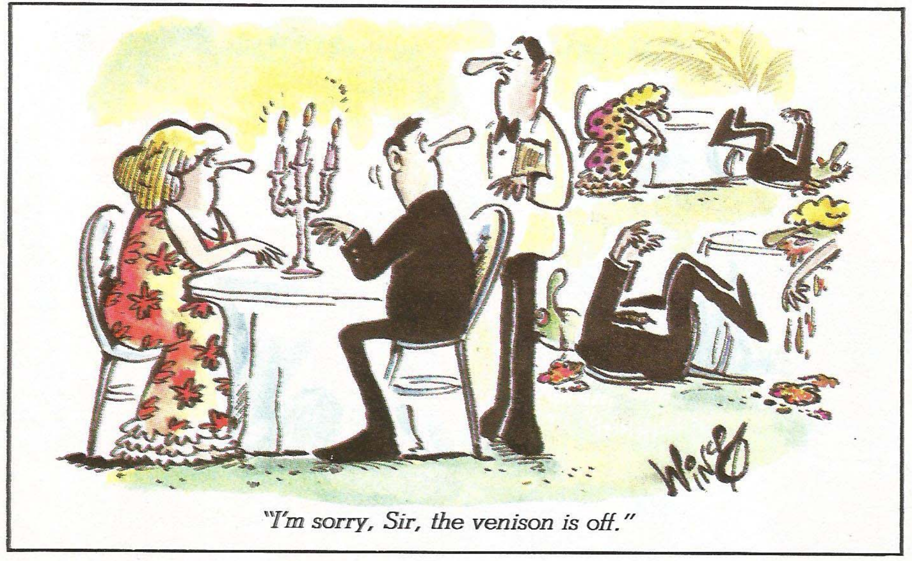
"Certainly I'll give you advice. If you'll take it. Will you?"

"Of course!"

"Never approach a transvestite psychopath in a secluded spot."

Assuming you meet a girl silly enough to stand still for this ploy, you're supposed to follow up with the next fatuous line. It's designed to let her show how intelligent and trustworthy women can be, while condemning the rest of her sex. Something our gay debonair Git says: "No woman can resist."

So you say: "How can I stop my boss's wife making passes at me?"



"I'm sorry, Sir, the venison is off."

And she says: "Buy her a pair of decent glasses!"

And you say: "If I knew where to get decent glasses would I be talking to you?"

It's a pleasing retort, but not the way to become genitally cognisant with a lady's interior anatomy (if I may put it that way — Patronising Git isn't the only one getting paid by the word).

A common feature of pick-up books is a chapter on where girls can be chatted up. (And, in case you wish to possess this priceless information I can summarise it thus: Anywhere that girls happen to be). Some chat-up lines are designed for use at such venues. Like:

"Hello, my name is Absolute Berk and I've never believed girls could be chatted up in these places."

This, says our author, who must be Absolute Berk in person, is a deadly cunning double-headed clincher. If the girl says, 'Yes, girls can be . . .' you carry on. If she says, 'No, they can't . . .' you ask her to lead you to a place where they *can* be chatted up. Subtle huh? And what happens?

"Hello, my name is Miserable Twerp and I've never believed girls can be chatted up in these places."

"Oh yes they can . . . but not by spotty, down at heel, balding ex-hippies like you, chum." Or, on the other hand:

"Hello, my name is Appalling Jerk and I've never believed girls can be chatted up in these places."

"You're dead right, mate!"

"So lead me to a place where girls can be chatted up."

"Follow me." (Said over shoulder as girl disappears into Ladies).

I know you think I'm making it up, but I'm not. These are genuine lines actually offered in books which are still in print. Some of them *really* ask for it. I mean, you might as well drop your daks and bend over for her boot when you say:

"I've been cursed. Please help me. Kiss me and I'll turn back into a frog."

The girl's got to be pretty thick if she can resist the obvious:

"What do you mean turn *back* into a frog?"

Another piece of verbal Hari Kari comes highly recommended as a witty way into a girl's heart:

"Hello, would you believe it? I got out of the wrong side of the bed this morning and walked straight through a window." Which invites the reply:

"So I see. You poor thing. You wait here while I run and get a plastic surgeon." You might make yourself feel better by a glib:

"No thank you, not if he's the same guy, did your tit job." But you're not getting any closer to the bedchamber that way. Closer to *really* needing plastic surgery, yes.

It's not just that these lines are silly and make you look a pillock. Some of them are just plain anti-social. They are guaranteed to scare a girl's pants back on *and* half way up her backside into the bargain. I wouldn't be surprised if these qualify as common assault:

Go up to a girl and start gesticulating at her. When she starts to look confused and terrified say: "Sorry, but I'm a very shy type, so I had to tell you how beautiful you are in sign language."

The most likely response to this piece of fun is a screaming lady making for the cop station.

Of course, if the girl is made of sterner stuff she will reply in kind. 1: Pull an ugly face to show her opinion of your looks. 2: Slouch her shoulders in imitation of a poor physique. 3: Dangle a limp little finger as a comment on your manhood and 4: Jerk her hand upwards violently while displaying the splayed first and second fingers in silent invitation. What is she trying to indicate to you? That she's the shy type and she had to use sign language to tell you to go stuff your head up your arse and gas yourself.

As for: Go straight up to a girl and sing all the verses of *Land of Hope and Glory*. This is assault and battery.

I tried it. The girl was very nice about it. She gave me ten pence for a cup of tea.

Well, that's the more serious workable lines dealt with. The rest, I fear, are entirely fatuous.

"Follow me, I believe a bomb's just been planted here."

"I'll stay here. I'd rather be dead than seen with you."

The point of all these daft lines is to make a girl laugh. Make her laugh, the author *always* says, and you're half way there. He neglects to say that there are laughs and laughs. Imagine the sneering nasal cackle this line would get:

"My number is 1269807, but you can call me Seven." And then the reply:

"Short for seven inches, I suppose. Sorry love, I'm waiting for my boyfriend, Eighteen."

Sometimes you put on accents to get the laugh. Like this, in Japanese:

"Ah, you are suplise I speak lour ranguage. I was educated at Oxford. Cigalette, Eenglishwoman?"

The answer, of course, is "*"Ar Sole!"* It's not all that witty but why waste gems on a bunch of crap like this?

You'd have to be drunk to try it. But the author doesn't see that. Instead, the line recommended if you happen to be pissed could *only* come across like this:

"Hello. I shink I'shad too mush to drink. Whish sa piddy. A girl like you, a girl like you I shay, can only be fully sppresh . . . appreshiated in a shtate of complete sob . . . sobri . . . sobrietshy (I'll shay that again)." To which the girl replies.

"Which of us are you addressing, piss head?"

When all else fails there is always flattery:

"My horoscope said a beautiful girl was going to speak to me today. Please say something to me or I'll be in suspense for the rest of the day." To which the averagely witty girl will reply:

"Oh dear, that will make you a Leo. That's a shame, you look so nice, but my astrologer warned me never to speak to Leos."

So you say, "Oh no, I'm a Capricorn." And she says . . . "or Capricorns," and so on around the houses.

There isn't a single line that doesn't ask for it. If you can imagine yourself saying:

"Don't worry, I'm waiting here for my mother. Of course I haven't seen or heard from her for ten years. Still this seems as good a place as any." She's going to say:

"Oh! My long lost baby!"

Carry on from there and she'll mock you with charges of incest.

> "The maternal instinct is one of the angles Mr. Git advises you to exploit. Act like little boy lost and girls with high maternal instincts will pat you on the head and cart you off to bed. It's quite likely. But the maternal instinct is a double-edged sword. Girls with high doses of the stuff pat you on the head, cart you off to bed and get pregnant."

The maternal instinct is, of course, one of the angles Mr Git advises you to exploit. Act like little boy lost, you're told, and girls with high maternal instincts will pat you on the head and cart you off to bed.

It's quite likely. But then the maternal instinct is a double-edged sword. Girls with high doses of the stuff pat you on the head, cart you off to bed and get pregnant.

Girls without the instinct treat you like a jerk. So if you follow his advice and, when obviously alone, shuffle up to a girl and say:

"Can I use the back seat of the car tonight, Dad?"

"I would like to introduce you to my friend — he's too shy to introduce himself to you." She's going to say:

"Any friend of yours has good reason to be embarrassed."

Mr Git would say that getting any reply means that you've broken the ice. Quite right. But do you have to fall right through it and drown? I mean, if you approach a girl who is sitting silent and alone and say:

"Hello, I couldn't help overhearing your conversation and I think you're absolutely right."

What do you expect her to say. What *can* she say?

"Oh, I didn't realise you could hear us. I'm terribly sorry, but you do look like a pregnant fairy with spiked boots, you know." That's what she can say.

Not that some of the lines might not work. If you go up to a pickupable and say:

"I'm all for Women's lib. Now all the men can sit back and be chatted up by the women." And if she really is liberated, she might come back with:

"Ahh, you are suplise I speak lour ranguage . . . Eenglishman . . ." Because she's been reading *How To Pick Up More Guys*.

So you'll come back with:

"You look so beautiful in this damned moonlight, Amanda." (Best said when there's no moon and she's not called Amanda.) Then she'll say:

"You won't be offended if I ask your advice?"

And by the time you've finished taking the piss out of the stupid books you'll be the best of friends.

That would be good, wouldn't it? It would be double good. Because if you'd got Ladbrokes to take a quid against such a thing ever happening you'd be a millionaire as well.

Mind you, these books do have their uses. The lines are guaranteed to work in certain conditions. Like the girl fancies you anyway.

If you've given her all this ludicrous chat and she hasn't been put off you'll know she really wants you.

What a comfort.

Sex Rampage of the Leaping Beauties

If you are single, you have been singled out — there is a contract out on you. Yes, the male equivalent of a fate worse than death awaits the unwary for the next ten months. You have been warned — by *Paul Brock*.

Confirmed bachelors may laugh derisively at the idea that just because this year is Leap Year the risk they are now faced with of being enticed, or dragged, to the altar has increased substantially.

It's true, though. Women's Liberation and Sexual Equality combined with this Leap Year 1984 are helping husband-hunting ladies to banish maidenly modesty and enter the matrimonial ring with both arms, so to speak, clutching possessively and agressively. Thousands really are proposing marriage to the mate of their choice. Hundreds are emerging from the hunt, waving their marriage contracts triumphantly — *life*time contracts signed by the conquered male, legal and only expensively revocable.

Proof that this is certainly happening is evident from the marriage figures issued for the three previous Leap Years. All are UP markedly,

Photographed by John Copthorne. Art direction by T.L.

SEX RAMPAGE OF THE LEAPING BEAUTIES *Continued*

compared with those for normal years when only the male sex is supposed to do the propositioning. The age-old tradition that any girl is entitled to ask any guy to be her permanent meal ticket is being seized upon and taken really seriously by the ladies — right now. Any old custom, however slight its legality, is being resurrected as an excuse for the female attack on the single-blessedness of the British bachelor.

"Slight or not," says Professor Leslie F. Laing of Harvard Law School, "the custom of woman-asks-man every four years really has a legal precedence if we consider certain no-nonsense laws passed long ago by our ancestors, whose legal system we are supposed to have inherited at least in part.

Consider that crystal clear edict passed in Scotland in 1288 — and which has never been rescinded. It reads:

"It is ordained that for every year known as Leap Year every maiden lady shall have the liberty to bespeak the man she likes. If he refuses to take her as his lawful wife, he shall be mulcted in the sum of one pound or less, as his estate may be. If he can make it appear that he is betrothed to another woman, he then shall be free."

> "An hour later, however, succumbing to Bridget's fascinating blandishments, he softened his refusal by giving her 'a resounding kiss . . .' "

Professor Laing points out that long before the stern old Scots decided to give women a taste of male privileges, certain females were trying to talk men into marriage. Historians, in fact, say the custom can be traced right back to St. Patrick and St. Bridget. It seems that in the days before the man-woman sex was forbidden for priests and nuns, Bridget, who had a group of nuns in her charge, supposedly came to the great Patrick in tears.

There was much unrest and frustration among her women, she declared, because of the unfair tradition that prohibited women from taking the initiative in marriage proposals.

Patrick, a sternly celibate man, offered the ladies the right to propose one full year out of every seven. But Bridget, highly indignant at Patrick's niggardliness, argued for a much better deal. She talked him into giving the women one year out of every four — and the longest one at that.

Bridget, of course, persuaded the unsuspecting Patrick that it would be to everyone's advantage if he declared the new arrangement legally valid immediately. "Okay, okay," he is reported to have agreed wearily. "But please, for Pete's sake, leave me alone."

Whereupon Bridget promptly proposed to Patrick. He recoiled, aghast, pointing out that he had taken a sacred oath of celibacy. An hour later, however, succumbing to Bridget's fascinating blandishments, he softened his refusal by giving her "a resounding kiss and a silken gown."

When this tense drama happened is not exactly known, but Laing says that St. Patrick was born about 389 and died in 461. For several centuries before that there had been a lot of juggling with the calendar, and February was the month to suffer as a result. Originally February was introduced into the Roman Calendar by Numa Pompilius, and though a year was accepted as more than 365 days long, the number of days remained constant.

At the time of Julius Caesar, an Alexandrian astronomer named Sosigenes calculated that a year was 365 days 6 hours long, and the current calendar was 90 days out with the sun.

As things in an agricultural society were getting out of hand with spring seed sowing and fertility festivals being held three months before spring actually arrived, Caesar decreed that the Julian Calendar should take the place of the old one.

Apart from a great deal of additional confusion, the extra six hours of each year were regarded as an extra day every four years. Thus leap years began, but February then had 29 days, and 30 days every leap year.

Roman Emperor Augustus thought it was a bad scene when he discovered his namesake month had only thirty days, when six other months had thirty-one days. So Augustus sliced a day off February and added it to August. February was thus left with twenty-eight days, and twenty-nine every four years. In other words he invented February 29.

Even this was not quite accurate, though. Officially, a year the number of which is divisible by four is a leap year. The last year of a century is not a leap year unless its number can be divided by 400. For instance 1800 and 1900 were not leap years.

But the calendar is still not 'spot on.' Astronomers have computed that by the year A.D.5100, another day will be needed, and it looks as though this will be the chance for some smart guy to invent February 30.

The Scottish Leap Year Law entitling single women to propose to the man of their choice was adopted by France, and in the 15th century the custom was legalised in Genoa and in Florence. Additions to the law were made over the years, one being that a woman who wanted to take advantage of the leap year privilege had to make known her intentions by wearing a scarlet flannel petticoat. The edge of the petticoat had to be clearly visible to give the wary male a sporting chance to get out of the way.

In the days of the diarist Samuel Pepys, we are told that "Leap Year proposals from the gentler sex can be given by mouth or gesture, and must be taken as seriously as the need warranteth, such proposals being now a portion of the common law."

> "Single women are bringing organised pressure to bear on all eligible bachelors who can be traced. But let's hope they don't overdo it."

As a result, many nefarious ladies made a fat profit out of Leap Year proposals. After deliberately picking a quarrel with the unfortunate male who had succumbed to their advances they took him to the cleaners in the courts on the grounds that it was a legal breach of promise case. The victims were forced to pay vast sums of money to the supposedly "heart-broken, destitute, gullible girl."

In one old book published in the 18th century and entitled "Advice to Young Ladyes on Deportment and Seemly Manners," we read that "Leap Year proposals may be lawfully spoken, written, or physically demonstrated to a man of your fancy without being thought ever bolde, providing you do not giggle, and so lose dignity."

"Keepe your bottle of smelling salts handy, so that there is less risk of growing too faint." (After the guy, presumably, took to the hills).

Queen Victoria's husband, Prince Albert, was a willing victim of a leap year proposal. Victoria got him to sit beside her on a sofa, and they discussed the weather for a while. Suddenly the young Queen grasped his hand firmly in hers, and as he related sheepishly many years later:

"She declared to me in a genuine burst of love and affection that I had gained her whole heart and would make her intensely happy if I could make the sacrifice of sharing her life with her."

This year single women are bringing organised pressure to bear on *all* eligible bachelors who can be traced. But let's hope they don't overdo it as they did in Aurora, Illinois, in 1952.

That year being leap year, a number of determined spinsters took over the law courts and assumed police duties on February 29. Two hundred of them, wearing police uniforms, began rounding up all the eligible bachelors in town.

Men without adequate excuses for being single were arrested and hauled before the temporary 'magistrate', a superbly stacked redhead of 22. She imposed six-dollar fines, the proceeds going to a hospital fund.

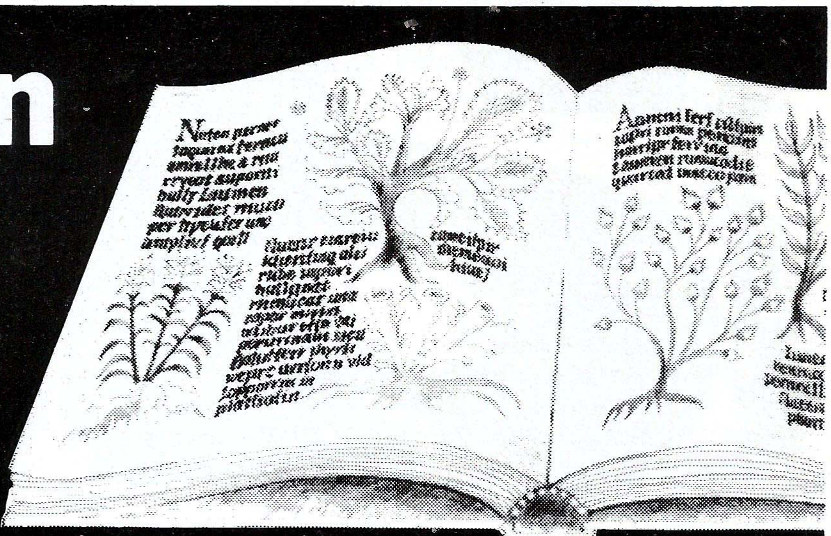
Defaulters had to contribute to a blood bank.

In Denmark, this year's leap year customs are being observed with deadly efficiency by females. But one group of bachelor Danes are at a huge disadvantage. They cannot take to the hills because they live on the almost hill-less island of Fejoe. At the beginning of every leap year they are invaded by hordes of husband-hungry women, who snowshoe their way across the ice and snow-covered straits.

These ruthless yet stunningly constructed hellions never leave without at least a dozen captive husbands, and sometimes twenty or thirty young men lose their precious freedom.

Obviously single men who assume that the fine careless rapture of irresponsible bachelorhood is bound to last for ever should watch it. It's that "ole devil Leap Year" again and the girls are *really* out on the rampage this time. Not even the law can stop them popping the question. They may even use physical force to get the right answer.

Forgotten Secrets can help your hair



An ancient book

Twenty years ago in Hungary a young man called Andreas Banfi was searching for a way to improve the appearance of his hair.

He discovered an ancient botany book which listed a number of traditional herbs which claimed to improve the hair.

Banfi experimented; and after several years work he refined a formula which he offered to the medical faculty of Budapest University.

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Clinical trials followed, culminating in their endorsement of Banfi's formula for improving the appearance of hair.

It is this entirely natural formula — free from drugs and chemicals — which you can buy today in Banfi lotion and spray.

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BANFI
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I enclose my cheque/PO for £...................

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THE a-z OF EXCUSES

Every would-be romeo has suffered from one of those familiar female excuses that say a definite no to a screw. *Brian Highley* tells you how to retaliate and get your own back.

"But darling I've got a headache." Television script-writers have made this the clichéd way of refusing sex; but all males, from one to one-hundred, will recognise the phrase as meaning "I don't want to."

"Can we go to the zoo today?" . . . "Sorry darling, mummy's got a headache."

"Let's go down the pub tonight?" . . . "I'd like to but I've got a headache."

"It's your turn to collect the pension this week" . . . "You don't expect me to walk all the way to the post office with this terrible headache."

Women in the upper-income brackets don't have headaches, they have migraines, but whatever name these excuses masquerade under it's impossible to prove whether or not they actually exist, and your only recourse is to roll over to your own side of the bed and dream about the day when scientists discover a cure.

Women claim to be the superior sex and their invention of the headache tends to support the theory . . . until now, that is.

Here, for the first time in print, is a complete A to Z of male excuses. Read it, remember it, and then eat it before the lady in your life discovers that you plan to play her at her own game. If your particular problem isn't covered most of these suggestions can be adapted to fit several occasions. And if you think of any better ones, write to me c/o the Editor — I could use them.

Au pairs are essential, every home should have one, and you could try the excuse that an extra pair of hands would be useful when your lady has a headache, but this could go against you if her headaches only occur at bedtime! "Just think how wonderful it would be for the children to learn a foreign language," is quite a good one. "All Swedish au pairs are fat, ugly prudes," has been known to work. Fear is the best excuse of all and I would suggest telling her that, under E.E.C. regulation A/C/319, anyone who isn't giving a home to an au pair will be forced to take in an entire family of Italian earthquake victims and two deported Iranian hijackers.

Blankets in the car can be a source of embarrassment and have been known to provide grounds for divorce. "It's for covering up old ladies who've been knocked down in road accidents," is alright for an off-the-cuff excuse but this won't explain away the grass stains. Far better to look shocked and say that you hope the boss hasn't noticed it's still there because he gave it you to drop off at the OXFAM shop.

Cars have to be washed and cleaned out at least once a week, or at least most women think they do. Getting out of the washing is easy, simply tell her that fluoride in water might be good for preventing tooth decay but it's used in industry for stripping paint and for separating pieces of metal that have been welded together. Finding an excuse for driving round in a car full of cigarette ends and empty fried chicken boxes isn't quite so easy but you could say that the boss drives about in a total slum and by cleaning out your mess you'd show him up and lose all chance of promotion.

Decorating and all forms of D.I.Y. should be left to the experts. There is no V.A.T. on most home improvements, but there is V.A.T. on items sold to the handyman. If a door needs painting it might be a good idea to call in a builder and let him build an extension at the same time, if the extension costs £2,000 you'll have saved a magnificent £300 in V.A.T.

Excess drinking is hard to explain away to an unsympathetic woman who probably won't be at all impressed when you tell her that your efforts are keeping sixty brewery workers in jobs, and that the tax you pay on your booze is enough to cover six heart transplants a month, or to buy a missile that would travel as far as Calais and blow up half of Moscow. Get a note from your doctor saying that you've got flu, nobody can ever read a doctor's writing so translate the note to your woman as reading, "This man is suffering from a rare blood disease and if he is to be kept alive his daily intake of alcohol must be equivalent to at least a bottle of single-malt scotch whisky. Failure to keep to this level will be classed as suicide and will invalidate any insurance policies."

Forgotten anniversaries/birthdays are those occasions when she stops having headaches but has bad attacks of the sulks. If it's too late in the day to arrange for a delivery of flowers you might still be able to arrange a Kissogram, but do make it clear that you want them to send a handsome bloke round, as a young girl in bra, pants and fishnet stockings might not appeal to her as it would to you. It's always a good idea to keep in a stock of cards for all occasions and a few bottles of perfume in attractive gift wraps. When you see her sulking it probably means you've forgotten something so simply give her a present and a card with an all-purpose message like, "I love you darling and I bet you thought I'd forgotten . . . well, I haven't!"

Gambling is probably enjoyed by far more women than men, it's just that we're quite open about it and therefore we're the ones who have to put up with the complaints. The best form of defence is attack, next time she complains that you've spent the week's house keeping money at a casino or on the horses, bet her that she spends more money than you do on gambling. If she accepts the bet let her choose the stake and, no matter how small it is, say that this proves your point because you wouldn't possibly bet such a vast amount of money. If, on the other hand, she refuses to accept the bet draw her attention to the fact that the local landlord has just returned from his fifth holiday of the year paid for out of the takings of his fruit machine which only she ever plays on.

Hair shouldn't need to be cut more than once a year, if your lady says that yours is getting untidy ask her to make an appointment for you with the dishy blonde at the unisex barber and sauna. If she makes the appointment it could be worthwhile going through the agonies of a hair cut, if she doesn't you've made your point.

Idle isn't a word that should be directed at the breadwinner. To hold down your job it's essential that you keep abreast of *all* world affairs, you probably hate having to watch football and boxing on television but she must understand just what an idiot you would look in the office if you couldn't hold a conversation about the finer points of the previous evening's important programmes.

Jewellery should only be purchased as a gift if it is of the very best quality, and the reason she hasn't received any from you is that you're waiting for the world gold and diamond market to reach the correct level for the very special piece you're going to have made to be an investment.

Wuffles
From Badger
SMOOCHOGRAM
Auld Nosepaint
PRESCRIPTION
BREWERS UNION
GH

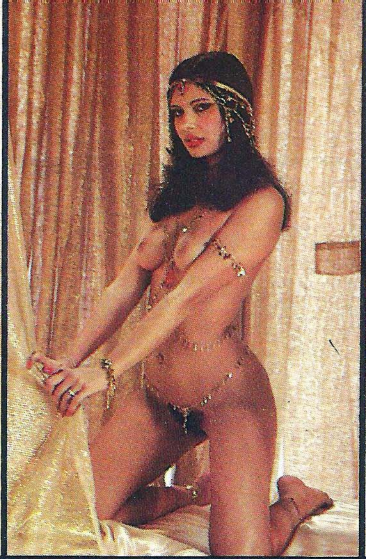
Shivani

PHOTOGRAPHED BY K.K.JONES

If you've ever had a fantasy about scoring a century against the Indians in Calcutta and winning a night in with the princess of your choice — here she is.

Now a fully-fledged stripper based in the Midlands, Shivani did this little number for us a few months back. For those who like to collect trivia; the head-dress is the same as the one that's featured on the back of the head of the bloke on the front of Roxy Music's *Avalon* album. Not a lot of people know that.

And somebody had been using that hookah and she said that the mouthpiece tasted horrible. Not a lot of people want to know that.



..IT HAPPENED TO ME..

Have you had any real sexual adventures? Unusual, spectacular or just plain meaningful? We can't wait to read all about it. It Happened To Me, Knave, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT. Write soon!

He got a driving job at a farm — and rode more than just his tractor.

After having been demobbed at the end of the Second World War, I was determined not to go back into the Steel Industry, where I had been working before my call-up papers arrived. While in the army I had learnt to drive, and taking advantage of this I took a job as a driver for a firm supplying milk. My job entailed collecting the milk churns which were left by farmers on wooden stands by the side of the road.

I had been on the job for about three months, when one day a girl in her late teens or early twenties was standing by one of the platforms as I drove up to collect the churns. She asked me if I would go up the lane to her father's farm as he wanted to talk to me.

"O.K.," I replied, "jump in and we'll drive up together."

I then realised that the cab of my lorry was much too high for her to get up into unaided, so I got out to give her a hand. As she climbed up I couldn't resist putting my hand on her backside to give her a shove-up, and as she clambered into the cab the sight of her little bum gave me a real hard on.

When we arrived at the farm, we were met by the farmer and his wife — he was elderly, perhaps in his late sixties, while she was rather plump and plain, but about twenty five years his junior.

The old boy explained to me that he would like my help doing some driving over the next couple of weeks as his son-in-law who lived on the adjoining farm had fractured his leg and it was no longer possible for him to do any of the driving. I readily agreed to help out as I was due for a couple of weeks holiday anyway.

I cycled up to the farm the following Monday, and was greeted by Mary, the farmer's wife, who explained to me that she had rigged up a bed for me above the stables to save me cycling back and forth every day.

The first day was spent generally getting to know where everything was about the place. When we finished about seven that evening I told the farmer and his wife that I was slipping down to the nearest pub, which was about two miles away, for a couple of pints before bed.

After the beers I slept soundly in my new bed, and woke next morning when I heard the sound of someone coming up the stairs to my room. Lying there with only a sheet covering me, my prick was standing up — I'd obviously been having a good dream.

"Good morning," Mary said, "I've brought you a cup of tea."

I decided to take a chance, and as I took the tea from her hand I stretched my feet out. The sheet was pulled down, and my prick sprang into full view.

"Sorry," I said, watching her face carefully.

She half-turned, as if to go away. For a minute I thought I'd blown it, but she turned rapidly, dropped to her knees and grasped my red topped prick in both her hands. I put the cup of tea down and lay back: her hands were round my balls in a flash, and soon she was licking my prick all over. I was getting frantic when she opened her mouth and took it all in — or as much as she could — sucking all the time. All at once I exploded and although her mouth was tight around my prick, little dribbles of my semen trickled down her chin.

"i was getting frantic when she opened her mouth and took it all in — or as much as she could."

"Now it's my turn," she said, and she lay down, pulled off her drawers and lifted her dress up to her chin. I started fingering her and sucking her big breasts. Her cunt was moistening and opening up, so I dropped down and slipped my tongue into her. I thought she was going wild. Her moans, together with the scent of her cunt and the feel of the hairs pressed against my lips, were making my prick rise again. When she came my tongue seemed to be red hot as her juices filled my mouth.

"Take me from behind," she said, turning over and raising her ass to me.

Her charms were now fully in view and her big tits were hanging down, almost touching the bed. I playfully tickled her with my prick, and noticed that her cunt was so keen to have me inside that it was actually twitching in anticipation.

My prick had never been so big — I watched it as I slid in and out, not entering her cunt fully at first, being content to listen to her passionate grunting and groaning. She was soon beside herself, and I couldn't hold out much longer. I grabbed those huge breasts and drove fully home, my balls pressed tight against her. We both came together, but she had several more orgasms, until at last I finally pulled my steaming prick from that pleasure-filled slit of hers.

"Mary, what a fuck you are!" I said.

She just smiled shyly and took the cup of tea, now cold, and threw it away as she left. It was a busy day and after my early morning exertions I was really whacked out by supper time.

That night, Mary and her younger daughter Myfanwy told me that the eldest daughter of the family would be coming across to collect some butter and they asked me if I would drive her back. I agreed, and went for a quick wash and shave, asking them to call me when Jean arrived.

I was lying down on my bed when Mary called me. As she stood by my bed, I slid my hand up her dress and fondled her ever-moist cunt.

"Enough," she said after a few moments, "I'll try and come to you while he's asleep — he sleeps like a pig . . . he'll never know."

I followed her down the steps and into the yard where I was introduced to Jean.

"There's no need to take the van," Jean said, "I've only got six pounds of butter — it'll be quicker and easier to take it across the fields."

"In that case, I'll carry it for you," I offered.

Jean's farm was only half a dozen fields away, although some ¾ mile by road. As we walked across the meadows, Jean seemed to be pretty miserable and would only answer my questions with a brief "yes" or "no."

Not far from her farmhouse we came to a gate leading to a hayfield. When I hurried ahead to open it she said, "Don't worry, it'll be easier to climb over, as the hinges are very stiff."

Handing her the basket of butter I climbed over the gate, whereupon she handed it to me. Putting the butter on the ground I turned to help her off the gate. She was almost over when her foot caught the bottom bar of the gate and she tumbled into my arms, sending us both sprawling into the hay.

We lay there laughing, and I turned to her. Her skirt had ridden up above her waist in the fall, and she lay there with her legs spread and a few wisps of hair showing from the legs of the French knickers she was wearing.

"What a night! Finally she had to slip off to her bed before her old man woke up and missed her."

Presented with this delectable sight, I decided to take a chance, and bent over and kissed her gently on the lips. She made no attempt to pull her skirt down, but wrapped her arms round me and slid her tongue into my mouth. I moved my hand up inside her knickers and slipped my finger into her cunt.

"Fuck me, fuck me!" she groaned.

Eager to comply, I slid her knickers down over her feet and guided her hand onto my fly. She fumbled with the buttons for a moment and then out sprang my cock, bell-topped and hard as a rock.

I gave her cunt a few preparatory frigs with my fingers and then slowly squeezed my prick into her. She went wild, bucking and panting and I was trying to hold myself back. I had little success, as her cunt had now collared me and was sucking the living daylights out of me. Within moments I was shooting my spunk all the way up her like a fountain, and she was coming.

I tried to withdraw.

"Stay there," she ordered, "It'll stay hard."

She was right, and soon we were going at one another like hammer and tongs. She started one of those long orgasms, that travelled through her whole body. In the middle of her ecstasy she shouted out, "That'll teach you, you old bastard," and then collapsed.

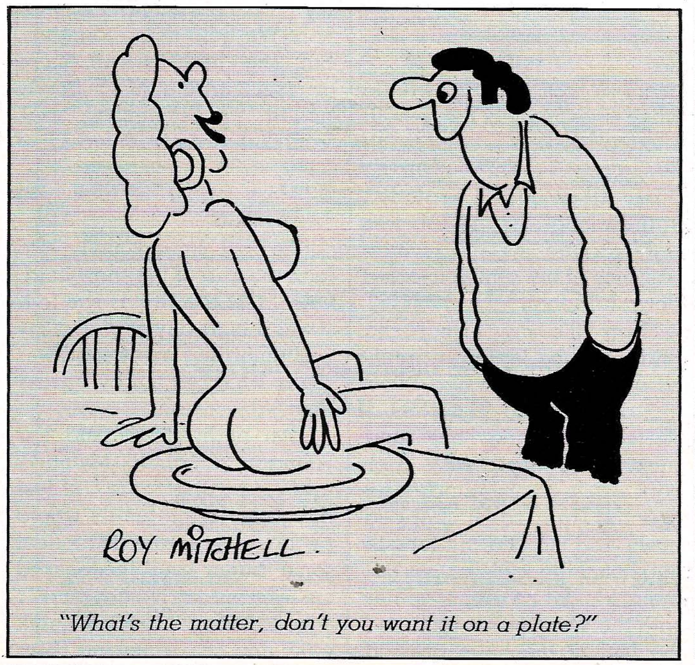
I kissed her as we rearranged our clothing before starting off, and asked her what she had meant by crying out.

"It's my husband," she told me. "He hasn't touched me for weeks now. Ever since he had his leg put in plaster he just gets me to toss him off and then goes to sleep. I reckon he has another woman, but can't get out of the house to see her."

When we got to the farmhouse she invited me in. Her husband was sitting at the table with his injured leg resting on a stool. He glowered at me in reply to my greeting, for one look at his wife must have told him that she had just been well and truly fucked. Anyway, as I left, Jean came out into the farmyard to say goodbye, and fondled my prick for a moment while I rubbed her spunk-sodden cunt.

That night I slept soundly, that is until I was woken to find Mary's mouth glued to my cock. What a night! We tried every position in turn until finally she had to slip off to her bed before her old man woke up and missed her.

What a fortnight it turned out to be. What with the work in the day and the overtime at night with Jean and Mary, I was glad to get back to driving my lorry round the country lanes! — *Peter, Wiltshire.*



"What's the matter, don't you want it on a plate?"

His wife brought her new boyfriend home from the disco — and he watched.

Recently my wife Jan and I had what most may think a strange but what we found to be the most sensuous, erotic experience. Our local nightclub is walking distance from our house, which is convenient and makes for a good Saturday night out with no drink drive worries.

Last Saturday we arrived at the club at about 11.30 p.m., having been for a few drinks beforehand and feeling in pretty good spirits. A few more drinks followed, a few dances and a generally good time. Jan was having a great time, feeling randy and rubbing up against me. She looked terrific in a shortish dark blue dress, low cut with no bra; and what I found even more arousing was knowing that under that little blue dress was a tight skimpy pair of knicks, black suspender belt and black stockings. She was certainly feeling and looking good, and drawing more than her fair share of admiring glances.

At about 1 a.m. I went through to the bar, which is in an adjoining room to the dance floor, to get some drinks. There was quite a queue and I must have been a good ten minutes in all. When I returned Jan had moved, and I presumed she'd gone to the loo or was dancing. Jan had always loved to flirt and often nipped off for a dance (if asked) when we were out, and I normally found an unattached girl to do the same with. It had never gone any further, neither of us minded and it was all part of an enjoyable night out.

Looking across the dance floor I saw I was right, there she was with a tall good looking bloke doing a slow smoochy number. They were dancing as close as is physically possible and looked to be thoroughly enjoying every minute. I decided to get myself a partner, but just as I started to look the record came to an end.

As the music stopped, Jan's handsome partner gave her a soft lingering kiss on the lips, which she obviously enjoyed, and which, I must admit, I found arousing to watch. As the kiss finished, he turned and walked away, disappearing into the bar room. Jan came scurrying over, with a naughty girl smile, and a hungry glint in her eye. "Was it good?" I asked with a smile.

"Good — I thought he was going to have me on the dance floor!" she said, and went on to say how he'd started getting hard as soon as the dance started and softly muzzled her neck and ear, and she'd found herself pushing her hips tight against him, at which point he'd manouvered his hard bulge to rest against the base of her pubic triangle, and with each rhythmic movement of the dance his hard cock had rubbed sensuously an inch or so up and down her lips.

"Where's he gone now?" I asked.

"I didn't have time to say I was with my husband, he's gone for some drinks," she replied.

"Would you like me to hide for a while and let you flirt some more?"

The answer was in her eyes, but she was good enough to say, "Not if it's going to upset you, but I must admit it's making me randy as hell." We were sitting out of sight at a little corner table in semi-darkness, and as she said how randy it was making her she slid my hand under the table over her stocking tops to her flimsy knickers. I ran a finger down the length of her lips through her knickers and could feel they were soaking wet, I gently pulled them aside and repeatd the movement, running my finger gently between her lips. Her fanny was the wettest I could ever remember it, and she moaned in my ear and dug her nails in my arm. I continued stroking her wet fanny and asked her softly what she'd like to do.

"I'd like to fuck all night," she said as she writhed against my hand.

"Would you like to fuck him?" I asked.

"If you'd let me I'd love to, just for a change, just a one off fling." I agreed, and in all honesty I think the idea turned me on as much as Jan.

"Raising his hands to the sides, he gently lowered her knickers to the floor as she spread her legs."

We arranged that I would go home and she'd go and find her admirer, have the drink, then bring him home, taking him straight to the bedroom, and I'd stay out of sight until he left.

This agreed, I rushed home, rock hard with anticipation, and hid myself away in the wardrobe at the end of the bed. It must have been the most unimaginative place possible but I couldn't think of anywhere else. I must admit, as I waited trembling with anticipation, I was a little worried in case Jan decided to open it to hang anything up.

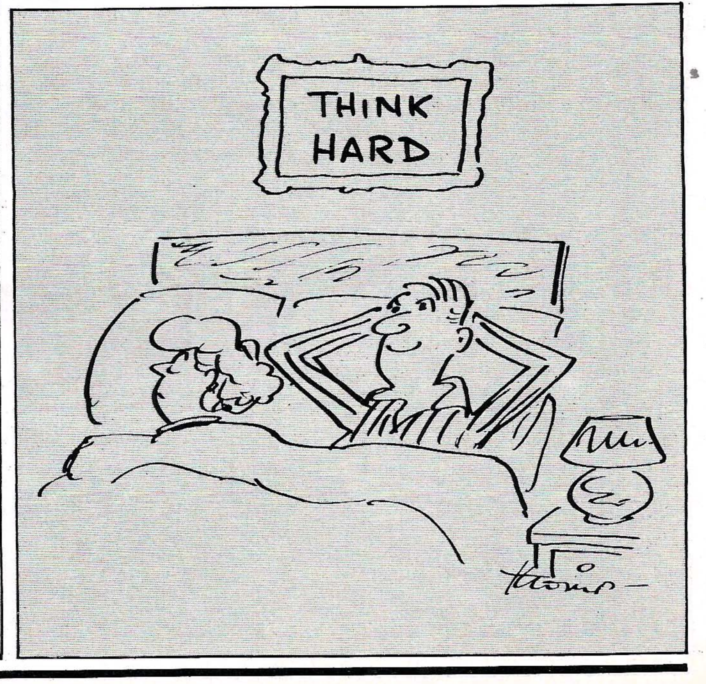
About ten minutes after hiding myself away I heard the door go downstairs and could hear Jan giggling and her boyfriend laughing. She led him straight upstairs and into the bedroom, switching on the two bedside lamps. They stood kissing at the end of the bed and, as they did so, Mike, (as I heard Jan call him) ran both his hands down over her bottom and beyond until he had hold of the hem of her dress, which he slowly pulled upwards, bringing into view her stocking tops, then her little black knickers at the front of which little wisps of light brown soft downy hair were poking teasingly out at the top. I had the wardrobe door open just enough to have a perfect view without Mike being able to see me, and it was the most erotic sight I had ever seen.

Mike pulled the dress right off over Jan's head and let it drop to the floor. She stood there looking stunning in just stockings, suspenders and knicks, and he kissed her again and took her pert bare breasts in his hands, running his thumbs over her hard red nipples. Jan undid his shirt and took it off, followed by his trousers, pants, shoes, etc., until he stood completely naked kissing her, with his huge cock standing straight up between them. Slowly he bent his head and flicked his tongue over each nipple in turn, making her softly moan with pleasure, then downwards he traced his tongue over her soft smooth stomach, then he sank to his knees and ran his tongue along the line of protruding hair at the top of her knicks.

Raising his hands to the sides, he gently lowered her knickers to the floor, and she moved one leg outwards, thus stepping out of them and exposing her pink wet lips to his tongue. Jan has a very light brown soft pubic growth that decorates beautifully but does nothing to hide her pouting outer lips. Mike ran his tongue downwards from the top of her soft triangle towards the base, until his tongue slid gently down in between her lips, and then he flicked from side to side over her clitoris. Jan squirmed with pleasure and pushed her soaking fanny into his face.

After a few minutes Jan could stand it no longer and pulled Mike up, making him lie on his back spread-eagled on the bed. She then knelt between his legs and rubbed his cock rhythmically with her right hand, whilst stroking his balls with the other, and flicking her tongue over the top of his cock. Jan had her back towards me and I had a fairly good view of what she was doing to Mike, but as she bent over I had a perfect view of a wet fanny which was about three feet from me. I could see her bright pink lips glistening with wetness, which was also matted in her hairs. It was all I could do to stop myself opening the door and taking her from behind, but I managed to contain myself.

Jan then moved up to sit astride Mike so the tip of his cock just brushed lightly against her soaking lips. She still rubbed his cock with her right hand, but slid her left between her legs and rubbed herself over her clitoris. Very slowly she began to lower herself onto his cock, first so that it just pushed against her, but then so that it pushed her wet lips aside, and she slid



..IT HAPPENED TO ME.

slowly an inch at a time onto him, as his stiff cock went easily into her. Jan then bent forward to kiss him and began a slow rhythm so that the entire length of his cock glided in and out of her cunt. They both moaned with pleasure and the slow pace turned faster and faster, until they both came with an explosion of gasps of pleasure. Mike stopped and Jan lifted herself up so that just the tip of his cock nestled between her lips, she was soaked with love juice and his come.

Mike was obviously married and couldn't stay, and soon was dressed and gone, Jan having given him a wrong phone number. As soon as he was out of the door I threw Jan on the bed and sank my aching hot cock into her dripping cunt.

We fucked all night in every position imaginable, and it was without doubt the most incredible erotic night I can ever remember. Next Saturday can't come soon enough for us! — *Brian, Notts.*

He thought sex was rationed after the war — then he met Blondie.

Reading the experiences of T.M. of Cardiff in Vol. 15 No. 9 reminded me of my own experience back in 1948 when I was 18. I had been called up for National Service in the R.A.F., and although I had been approached by 'ladies of the night' offering their services, my service pay ruled out any chance of my going with them, and my experience with women was no more than a handful of tit in a Cinema some year or so earlier. My first home leave was at Christmas, and having seen the lady next door in the street I accepted her invitation to call in for a drink on Boxing Day morning.

Whilst we were having a drink I told them that my parents had gone out to see friends and I was at home on my own. The lady (we used to refer to her as Blondie on account of her long blonde hair) insisted that I should stay for lunch and I happily accepted. I didn't have any second thoughts at all about saying yes, because there was no way that I was going to miss out on the chance of lusting over her for an hour or two more. Any attractive woman that I had the chance to get to know became the object of my desires.

After lunch her husband, who was a policeman, had to go on duty which left Blondie and her daughter, who was about a year younger than me. We went into their sitting room and I sat opposite Blondie and Betty, the daughter. Blondie was reading a newspaper and when I looked across I found that I could see quite a long way up her skirt, and I slithered down in the chair as far as I could to improve the view, which now consisted of the top of a stocking and suspender.

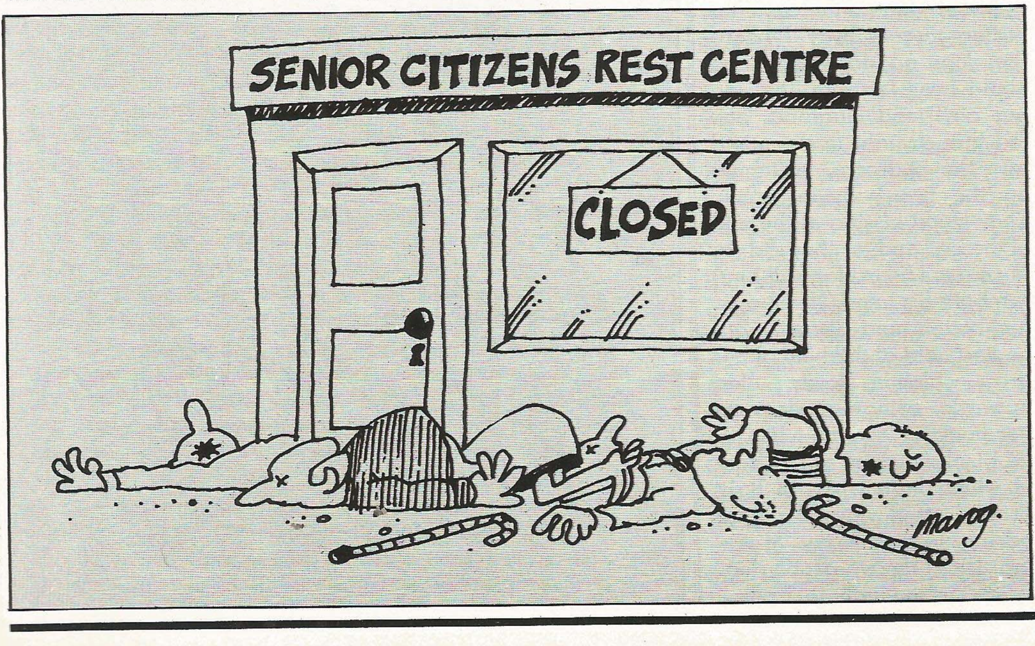
> "She stood up and took her housecoat off and lay on the bed wearing only her stockings."

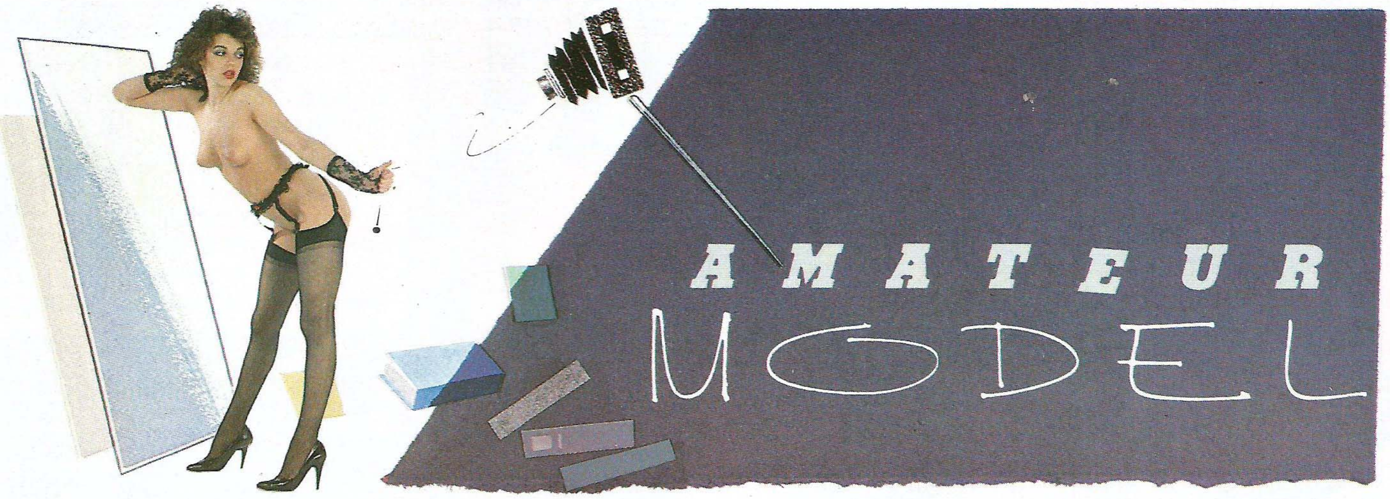
When I looked up for a moment, I was horrified to find that Blondie was looking over the paper and staring at me and as I quickly tried to look away she gave me a little grin. When she reached over for a low foot stool and sat on the edge of the settee with her feet on the stool and her hands resting on her knees, I had a completely uninterrupted view of the underside of her legs from her knees to her bottom, the most tantalising part being the lacy crotch of her French knickers. During this time, she was asking me about life in the R.A.F. and it was difficult to concentrate on the conversation. As I now felt sure that she knew I could see right up her dress I stopped trying to hide the fact that I was looking, when she put one foot on the floor and displayed the whole of her crotch for a few seconds I knew I was being teased.

Shortly after, Betty got up to go to her boyfriend's house for tea and Blondie quickly put her leg down until she had gone. After a couple of minutes she said, "Come and sit with me, you naughty boy," and when I got up and crossed the room I made no attempt to conceal my erection, and as I sat down she twisted herself round and faced me with her legs in front. She then took my hand and put it between her legs just above her stocking tops, and when I wriggled my hand her legs parted without hesitation, and my fingers were having their first feel of a rather moist cunt. I soon found I could slip them into her and she began to get rather excited, and pulled my head across and started to kiss me. By now her legs were well apart and she was pushing her cunt onto my hand, and a couple of minutes later she suddenly relaxed and took my hand away. She got up and said, "Come upstairs when I call you," and went out of the room.

About five minutes later she called out and I went upstairs, she was sitting on the bed wearing a housecoat and held out her hand. When I got to her she undid my trousers and pulled them down, together with my pants, my prick probably due to nervousness had gone rather soft and she started to fondle me. As soon as I began to go hard she stood up and took her housecoat off and lay on the bed wearing only her suspender belt and stockings, she opened her legs wide and put her knees in the air, and seconds later my prick entered a cunt for the first time. Unfortunately, after about three thrusts I shot my load.

About an hour later I redeemed myself when I watched Blondie sitting above me, impaled on my shaft, having a marvellous climax, my own following quickly. She was a splendid teacher! *P.D., Loughton.* ◼



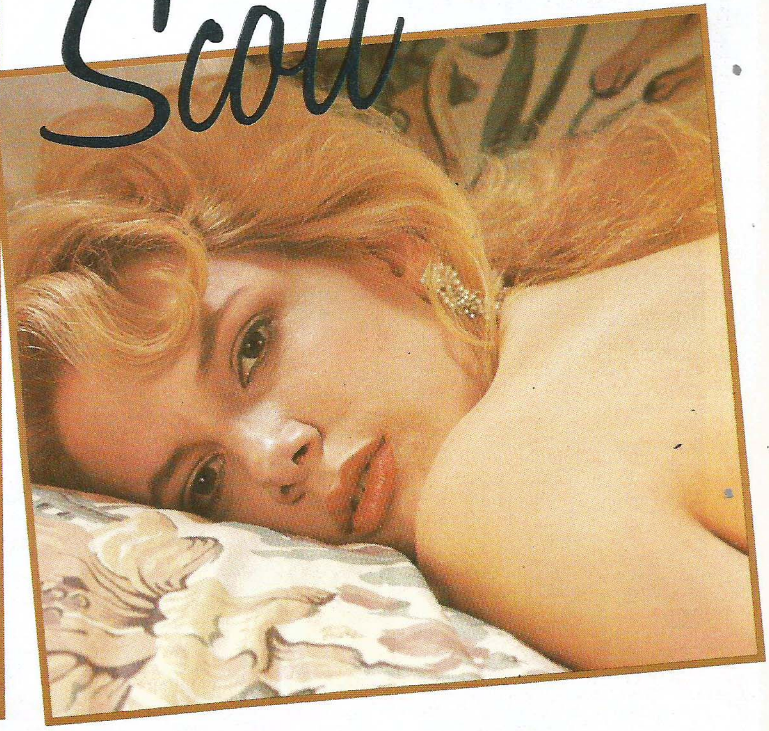


AMATEUR MODEL

This girl did it — so could you. If you think you could make it as one of our Amateur Models, fill in the form below and send it in with a few rude nude pictures of yourself. Polaroids will do, at least two completely nude — front and back view.

Annabel Scott

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JACK ROGERS



If you're successful we'll invite you to London, pay you £150 for the day's work plus travelling expenses and overnight accommodation, build a special set and lay on a make-up artist and a professional photographer to make sure you look your best. There's also a £25 prize for whoever took the original pictures of you. You'll never know unless you try — and it's great fun being a star for a day!

(Block letters throughout please.)

MODEL'S NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
.... **TEL. NO.** ....
DATE OF BIRTH ....
SIGNATURE ....

PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
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DATE PHOTOS TAKEN ....
SIGNATURE ....

Send to: Knave Amateur Model Feature, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT.

She looked good in her husband's pictures. She looked even better in the flesh. By the time our make-up lady had added a few finishing flourishes, Annabel was enough to make grown editors weep. "But I want to watch!" he wailed as they led him away.

She's 23 years old, 5′6″ tall and comes from Swindon (well, somebody has to). She's been happily married for three years and occasionally makes an appearance at local amateur photographers' clubs in the area.

Just to prove that our skates are not cheap, we even laid on some champagne — the real thing, see pages 8 & 9. Then Annabel did an amazing impression of being laid on the couch — and laid it on with a ladle. It was fun.

Continued from page 19.

in Ron, and as my mother died when I was very young, we spent a lot of our spare time with him and his lovely wife Jean at their home. Although Jean was old enough to be my mother and had kids older than me, I always thought she was beautiful and had a smashing figure. The older I got, the more I fell for her, and always sat facing her for a glimpse up her skirt or down her dress front. Then dad died and I moved into a flat, but I still spent a lot of time with Ron and Jean. Sometimes taking a few things and staying one or two nights.

One night I had been for a pint with Ron and we visited the gents, where he suddenly said, "That's a hell of a tool you've got there, Ray, I bet the girls gasp when they feel that going up them!" I had a hard job convincing him that it had never been up a girl, neither had a girl seen it. "Then it's time they did. And you're 20 tomorrow, aren't you? Oh, that reminds me, Jean and me will take you for a celebration drink, if that's OK with you?"

I agreed and we went to his home where I was staying over the weekend. Next day, Friday and my birthday, I got back from work to be told by Jean that Roy had been sent on a long trip that would mean a night out, but she and I could go out as planned. We had a very enjoyable time and had enough to drink without getting drunk, arriving home about 10.30 p.m.

We sat together on the settee when Jean suggested she gave me a birthday kiss. She put her arms around my neck and gave me a long passionate kiss with her warm, sweet lips, causing my cock to stiffen in my trousers. Then her hand stroked my bulge for a while before she asked if I'd ever had it in a girl. Questioning me further, I had to admit that I had never seen between a girl's legs. Jean then began to tell me her sexy life story. She had married Ron when she was 18 because she was in the family way. She had had her belly up three more times since then, having all four by the time she was 23. Unfortunately, she said, they were all girls and were either married or living away. She had always longed for a son.

Ron had begun doing longer trips, sometimes to the Continent, and she had become sex-starved and lonely, so the time came when she gave in to another man's advances, which led to other men. "Ron found out I was being fucked by one man," she told me, and said he had no objections to me having a bit on the side while he was away. What he didn't know was that I was getting a lot right in the middle, and she laughed sexily and kissed me again.

Rubbing my swollen member, she said, "It's time we went to bed and celebrated your birthday. Let a real woman show you what young lads should do when they get nice and stiff." I nearly ran upstairs, put on my pyjama bottoms and got into bed, very soon followed by Jean in a thin, slinky nightie. She threw back the bedclothes and went straight for my throbbing prick, pulling it out. "God, what a beauty," she exclaimed. "Not many as thick as that!" She gripped it in her hand, quietly admiring it for a while, then continued her appraisal. "I've had a lot of cocks up me, good, stiff and long, but I've never seen one anything like as thick as this. It's super," and she gave a few rubs at my shaft. I immediately groaned as my spunk shot all over my belly and chest, while she expertly squeezed the last drop from me before my prick slowly went limp. I was then instructed to go and get cleaned up.

When I returned Jean had got into bed and made me remove my bottoms before allowing me in with her. "So you've never seen a woman naked, Ray?" she asked.

"No, honestly," I replied and she threw the bedclothes off us both. I didn't know what to look at first, but was finally attracted to her fantastic tits spread like two gently curved hillocks, crowned by large pink, projecting nipples. "Come on then, feel them!" said Jean, moulding her left breast into a different shape, and I put my hand out and felt the soft, fleshy tits I had dreamed of for years. She pulled my head down so I could give them a good sucking, and with her prompting I soon had my hand between her thighs, trembling fingers lightly exploring, not wanting to hurt.

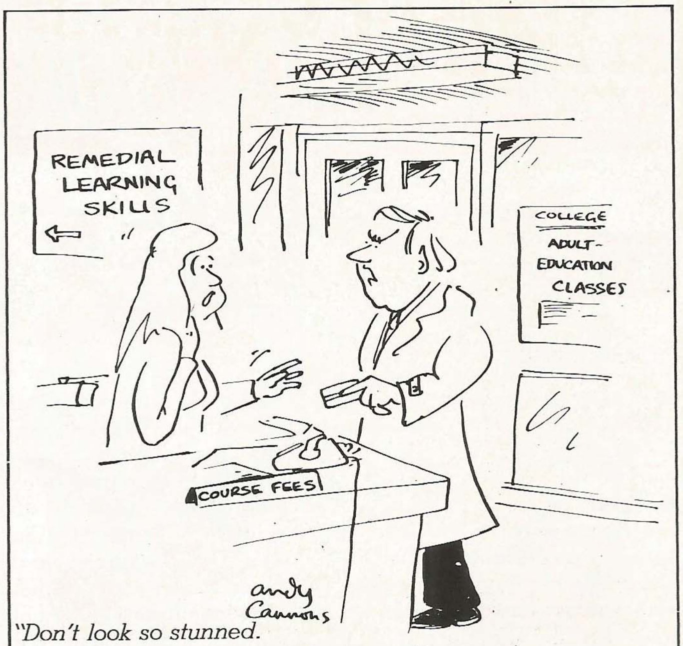
Her hole felt wet and sticky, and she guided my finger tip to her most sensitive spot, rubbing it hard. After a while she began breathing heavily and, getting two of my fingers between hers, said breathlessly, "Push them in, go on, right up, I'm coming!" and my fingers slid into the hot, smooth opening between her legs. I moved them gently in and out, watching her face as she went wild, having an orgasm that I knew nothing about. Then she began breathing more calmly and smiled as she took hold of my very stiff prick.

"Come on darling. Put it up me. Give me a good fucking with this lovely monster," and she guided me, kneeling, between her legs. Her knees were up, but laid wide open as I looked at her cunt and my mouth opened in amazement. Her slit was very long and it was gaping open, ragged looking inner lips looking stretched and loose, the hole wet and pulsing.

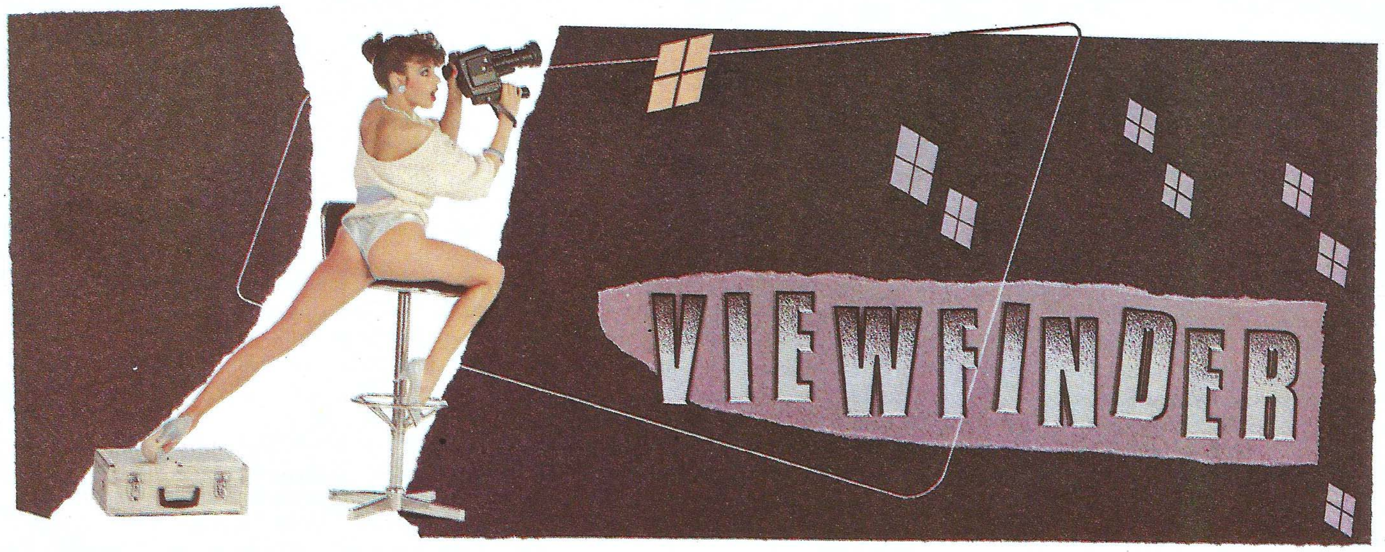
I got down and she pressed my knob between the warm lips and said, "Push. Go on. Push. Don't stop. Push it up hard." I did as I was told and in spite of her moans I soon had my prick deep in her. It was terrific. Her cunt was warm inside and smooth as silk, and I began jerking my bum up and down until she told me to slow down, slide the full length up and down her all the way, but not to be afraid to hammer it hard into her so she got it all. We had a good fuck while it lasted, but soon I felt myself coming and wanted to get off, but she made me keep up her, and my cock swelled as my stream of thick fluid spurted into her.

We kissed and cuddled for a while and she knelt over me so her gorgeous tits were suspended over my face and I nibbled her nipples and milked her. She then asked me to mount her and fuck her from the back like a horse, and I was raring to go as she stood on hands and knees, her melons swaying. As I moved behind her bum she dropped her head and tits onto the bed, and her luscious cunt was thrust behind her vertical thighs, exposed and vulnerable. I drove my prick into her and gave her a prolonged fucking, then we both fell asleep for a while.

Jean was 42 when that happened eight years ago. I am now married with a family and we all visit Jean and Ron occasionally, but I still call regularly when Ron is away to stick my prick up Jean's well-fucked cunt, the one that taught me so well. — *Ray, Oldham.*



*"Don't look so stunned.
Even dyslexics have wank accounts."*

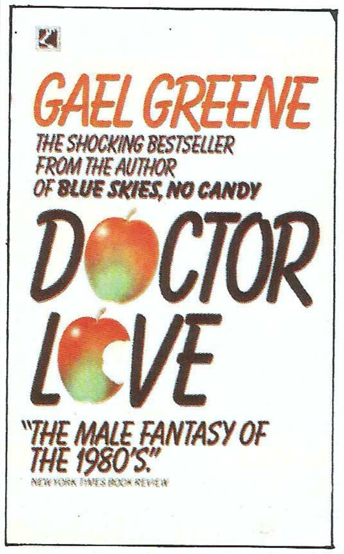


BOOKS

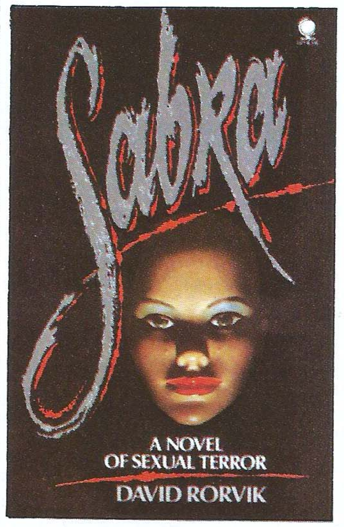
Heard the one about the girl who spoke eighteen languages and couldn't say 'no' in any of them? The actress who ran the whole gamut of emotions from A to B? Or the other dame who fractured a bone in her leg sliding down a barrister? They still do the rounds now, all victims of hard times and Dorothy Parker. She had a party line for alcohol that went like this: "One more drink and I'll be under the host." To the nervous errand boy of an editor, snarling for late copy, she said: "Tell him I've been too fucking busy — or vice versa." When one desultory affair folded with an abortion, she told friends it served her right for putting all her eggs in one bastard. She called her pet canary 'Onan' because he spilled his seed on the ground. And this was all before they started selling razors in the throwaway pack.

Anyone for whom the name Dorothy Parker is just a bunch of sweet one-liners ought to sit down for an evening with John Keats' biography of her **You Might As Well Live** (*Penguin — £2.95*). Her own version — she would have called it ***Mongrel*** — never left first base, since only the conversations were uninterrupted. Alone with her typewriter, she would write five words and erase seven. The pursuit of unhappiness soaked right through to the ribbon. What fiction actually made it into print has the brittle touch, filled with women waking up to find their suicide attempts thwarted and feeling only disgust at the idea of having to live again. Later, there were gigolos and tantrums. But then things you'd like to forget always get up on their hind legs to haunt you. Buy this and acquire a perfect ear for dialogue.

Meanwhile, in the present tense, New York magazine's restaurant critic, Gael Greene, has written **Doctor Love** (*Corgi — £1.75*), a manifesto for dry humping in that city's hospital wards. It begins with its medical hero having his sleepy organ brought to life in bed by a woman whose motto is to make love each time as if an ambulance is waiting, and continues precisely in that bleak but comfortable spirit of semi-tumescence. Stroke it once and it comes to life.


GAEL GREENE
THE SHOCKING BESTSELLER FROM THE AUTHOR OF BLUE SKIES, NO CANDY
DOCTOR LOVE
"THE MALE FANTASY OF THE 1980'S."
NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

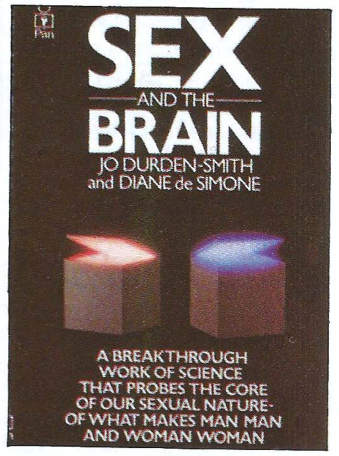
"Jesus, lieutenant," whines one character in David Rorvik's **Sabra** (*Sphere — £1.95*), "whatever happened to ordinary, *decent* murders?" Answer: they were defeated by a mass market need for open heart surgery and the cervical smear test. By and large, that is, readers feel cheated if a novel stops short of leaking spinal fluid or plotting the path of any successful sperm tadpole through fallopian tubes until it hits the ovary patch. And ***Sabra*** doesn't, you see. It really lets rip, feeding on easy occult shock tactics poached from earlier entrail balladeers. Of course, if you've got it bad, you could leave all seat-belts off the hook, pressing your foot to the floor.



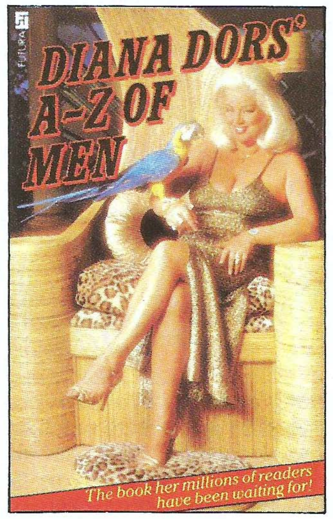
Then there's high-rolling in Vegas, where Charles Kozloff was running his first casino, aged twenty-two. He wrote **The Ondine** (*Star — £1.95*) just in case nobody playing those tables cottoned on to the flair he had for house stakes and percentages. Putting it all on paper was a big mistake, though. His men perspire with cash and their women use one hand to take away that little crisis in the groin. Either that, or they all float out to sea on a fast current.

The problem confronting those who pick up Michael Morgenstern's **How To Make Love To A Woman** (*Pan — 2.50*) bears resemblance to the tale of vital secrets of the universe scribbled on toilet paper, which is then soiled in the usual way. You can't move for the shit in front of your eyes. Morgenstern has fallen for the gag about interviewing the common people for technical hints, and hopes you will too. Therapy sounds wonderful in print. Love me tender. Buy her a translucent gown with nipple gaps. Wait for a dozen red roses to die before you send them through the post. Put all your organs on hold. Ditch it.

Now **Sex And The Brain** (*Pan — £2.50*) is something else. Deep research by Jo Durden-Smith and Diane de Simone into recent scientific discoveries within the human skull. Orthodox opinion has it that the newly born are like blank sheets of paper to be inked in by parents, torn to pieces at school, sellotaped by lovers, etc. The biological mechanism is presently under the most intense scrutiny, checking foetal brain patterns, hormonal secretions, chromosome identity and coming up with answers that seemingly threaten the entire structure of a planet spoonfed on free choice and learned behaviour. If fresh data from the hypothalamus and the corpus callosum are correct, then there is bad news for gay liberation and feminism, for example. The technology of pleasure is slowly being mastered. Essential reading matter.

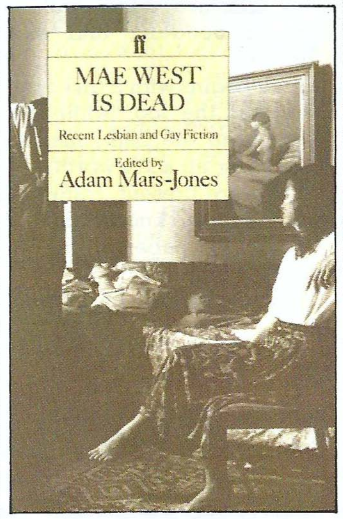

Pan
SEX AND THE BRAIN
JO DURDEN-SMITH and DIANE de SIMONE
A BREAKTHROUGH WORK OF SCIENCE THAT PROBES THE CORE OF OUR SEXUAL NATURE OF WHAT MAKES MAN MAN AND WOMAN WOMAN

For a real drop in temperature, below zero probably, go for Diana Dors and her **A-Z of Men** (*Futura — £1.95*), an exercise in pure moonshine.

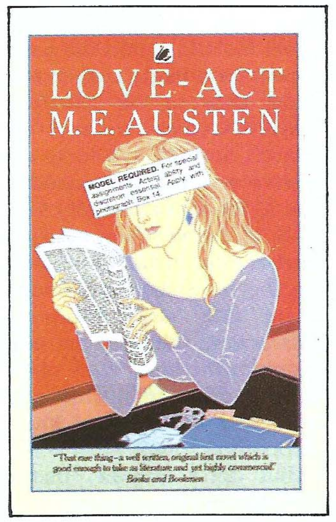


Nearly twenty-five years ago, the Archbishop of Canterbury denounced this lady from his pulpit as "a wanton hussy." Well, Diana's been playing it straight ever since. This is also her fourth or fifth journey into paperback, celebrity anecdotes (mostly with strong penicillin cultures growing on them) interspersed with bathtub gin wisdom. Once in a while, she will get tough with the world for dividing so easily into two genders, but she's much more partial to the exclamation mark.

If the word 'lesbian' still inspires a few hot but graceful soixante-neufs between an attractive blonde with big tits and a brunette with smaller ones, then **Mae West Is Dead** (*Faber — £3.50*), edited by Adam Mars-Jones, will give that vision an expensive funeral. Gay fiction is strictly into realism here. There are codes, naturally. The guys wear taut blue denim and look moody. The dykes have a way of crunching leather on the bar stools. Two or three good short distance stories all told, packed in with some very mediocre stuff that feels like syrup crawling through the scalp.



M.E. Austen's **Love-Act** (*Black Swan — £2.50*) dabbles in modest deceptions. Up-market hooker (no cheap tricks, no kerb-crawlers, no French lessons) replies to box ad for 'special assignment'. In return, she receives cheques and a script to learn by heart. University professor puts her through his paces. It's a long, elaborate tease, ideal for one sitting. It's also Austen's first novel, carrying the sort of punchline you don't divulge unless you've acquired four parking tickets and a wheel-clamp.

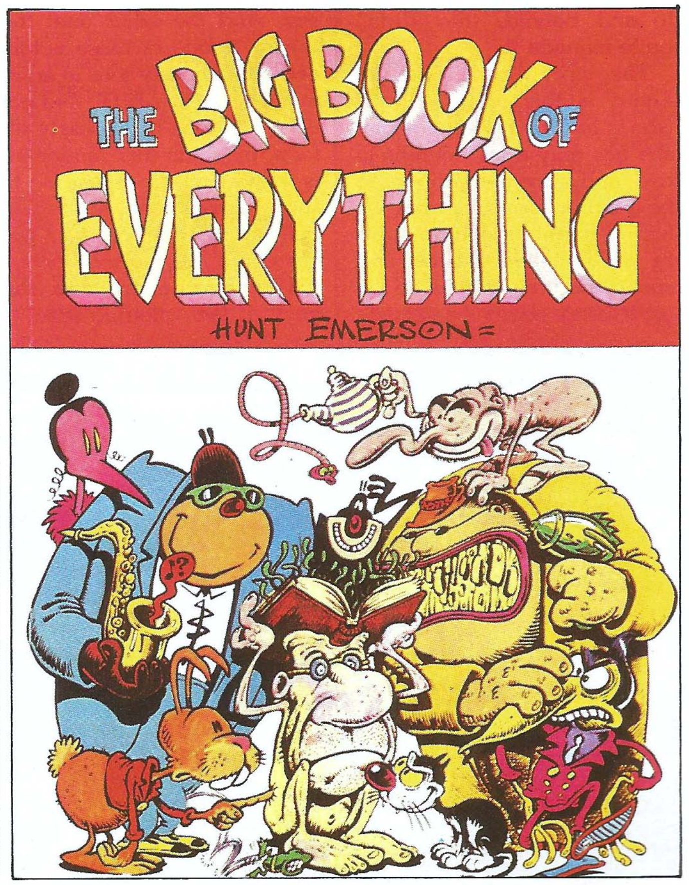

LOVE-ACT
M. E. AUSTEN
MODEL REQUIRED. For special assignments. Acting ability and discretion essential. Apply with photograph. Box 14.
"That rare thing – a well written, original first novel which is good enough to take as literature and yet highly commercial"
Books and Bookmen

In brand-name romances, which account for 41% of total softback sales, the penis is referred to as "a man's shape." Rosemary Guiley has been obviously intrigued by the sort of pulp which fills emotional voids and thus examines that industry in **Love Lines** (*Zomba Books — £5.50*). The act of sex was only incorporated into the genre as late as 1980. Group titles tell the whole story — Candlelight Ecstasy Romances, To Have & To Hold, Scarlet Ribbons, Silhouette Desire. Eyes that darken with passion, lips that deliver bruising kisses, Guiley catalogues them all. Callous beer-drinking husbands who slump in front of TV sets, it appears, have assisted a market worth billions, quite without knowing why.

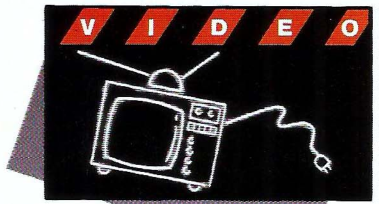
Another chapter in the David Hamilton saga slides into the photographic section under Art. **La Danse** (*Columbus Books — £11.95*) adopts ballet as a theme, and features a typical stock of undernourished nubiles, all of whom subscribe to a persuasive hair-conditioner, possibly with extract of Dutch elm. Inevitably, some poetic flatulence accompanies the old, unctuous lens, highlighting the atmosphere of provincial diaper cupidity. Softcore, soft-focus, soft centre.

In contrast, **The Big Book of Everything** (*Knockabout Comics, 249 Kensal Road, London W10 — £3.95*) by Hunt Emerson is a perfect note to end on. What to say about a man who has illustrated so many features for this magazine amongst others, offering an invoice which shows the artist himself diced up into tiny limb fragments, a severed right arm still holding the axe? Underground comics have done healthy, clandestine business for a long while now. Hunt has his own creature gallery, including Alan Rabbit, Max Zillion with Alto Ego (the sax that talks back) and Son of Tapeworm. But sadly, Firkin the cat is missing. Now *there's* an animal who can really read the tea leaves.

M.J. Druitt


THE BIG BOOK OF EVERYTHING
HUNT EMERSON

VIDEO



I don't know how other people feel about it, but, knowing my Knave readers, I'm sure that many of you have started wishing for some worthwhile and original permutations of plot and story line to ginger up an adult movie. Off hand I can only think of one film that originated, so to speak, from the horse's mouth. A French film called **Pussytalk** in which the star and narrator is the leading lady's cunt. But this apart, I'm hard put to think of any, similarly unusual plot lines.

All too often — like *all* the time! — it's the same old plumber/housewife, teacher/-pupil, boss/secretary, yawn, yawn, yawn.

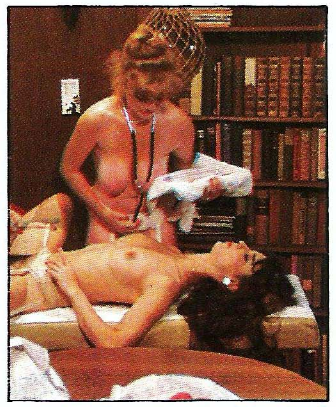
However, we must be patient and accept anything we're given, especially after the clampdown from parliament on the choice of videos available to the public.

Moments Of Love is one of those efforts where the producer, director and the writer bent over backwards to provide something unusual, and, lo and behold, they didn't quite manage it.

The story line is simple. There is this ravishing girl who is told by her doctor that she has only a few months to live, and since she happens to be a writer, she says what the fuck, I might as well go down in appreciative flames and spend the time allotted to me by writing about the subject which really grabs me. Like, sex. Furthermore, since her time is limited, the only way she can do her homework is to become a hooker, *then* put her immortal words on paper — or on celluloid, as the case may be.

Fair enough; it's a reasonable proposition, and the lady is pretty enough to make the whole exercise somewhat interesting.

Mind you, there are certain things which I didn't like about the film. Believe it or not, one of the TV plays I actually managed to get on had the same sorry plot, (She's only got so long to live, but... guess what? It was somebody else's X-ray, so, after all, she can go on and screw her head off for a long time), but *I* never managed to include the scenes *she* has. Envy, you see. And the other one: the doctor is one of those actors one continuously sees in adult movies, but. . . BUT, I've got a copy of one of his early efforts, in which this gentleman is shown actually managing to suck himself off. Can you believe that? I couldn't, but nor could I argue with facts.



Therefore, apart from the envy I feel plotting-wise, I also have this terrible insecurity complex when I see this guy doing a softened version of the sex scenes, when I *know* that he's one of those rare individuals who... do I have to go into it again?

To get back to realities... the film has all the usual subplots, (boy meets girl, girl meets girl and they all have an orgasmic time), and, for a compartively soft version, the film certainly has its moments.
TCX Video, 98-102 Ley Street, Ilford, Essex.

There are films that begin slowly; there are films with a certain build-up; and then there **Island Of Love,** which begins with a girl crapping on the loo, while her mate is in the bath, masturbating for all she's worth.

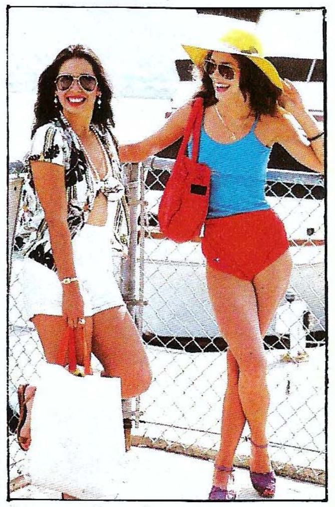
If I were present, frankly, I wouldn't have known whether to offer loo paper to one, or tissue to the other.

And that is only the beginning.

We soon find out, though, that the girls are eager to go on a holiday, and, indeed, in the next sequence we see them looking round the yacht haven for a likely mug to take them over to the Island of Love. Needless to say, the search doesn't take long and before you can say Island of Fu..., the Chinese half of the duo is being done aboard, and as soon as they're actually on the high seas, the two of them lick each other to distraction. Oh, and the payment for the ferry! One of the girls cuddles up to the captain, and we all know what's happening, don't we?

But don't despair, this is only the very beginning.

When the two girls are actually on this magic island, within moments there are two only-too-willing young men to show them round, and we all know what that means, don't we? No? Alright, let me spell it out.



One of the girls (the Chinese), is a home-body, therefore we see her being taken into a bedroom and being shagged with gusto, while the other one, the outdoor type, gets her 'bit' al fresco, and you can take your pick whether you want to watch her being given head, or the marvellous bay scene in the background, with yachts sailing all over the place.

In case you think that the film is limited, have no fear. It takes no time at all for the outdoor type to join her chum in the bedroom, and, in case the audience is bored, it is not just the four of them who go to town, the poor maid who comes into the room to clean up is also caught up in the sexual rampage, and we have five of them desperately searching for all available holes. What's more, they find them.

KNAVE'S EYEBALL RATING

Comatose: Lack of sleep, strong sedative or very low interest quota. Either way, what the eye don't see, the heart don't grieve over.

Eyelids with rocks on: Fighting a powerful impulse to nod off. One eye cocked for the miraculous, but keep an alarm clock close by.

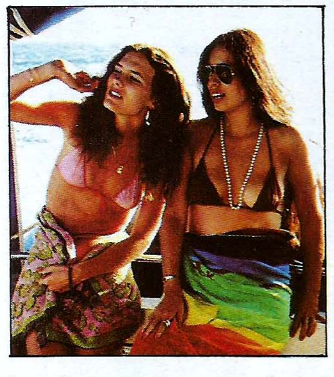
Double vision: Do not readjust the orbs. The forecast is improving. Sitting comfortably? Slight perspiration on the brow? Aroused?

The glow-worm: Rapid development of dormant faculties. (Possibly the result of having sat upon a drawing-pin). Very few secrets left.

Equatorial peepers: All the symptoms. Dilated pupils. Red neck. Wet shirt. Cold feet. Tall stalk/hot cavity. Reach optical boiling point.

Now, words of absolute discretion.

It is patently obvious that the film was originally made for a free audience (no, sunshine, not in this country: in America, Holland, Spain, Portugal, France, etc.), and, for that reason, most of the explicit scenes have been cut, but the continuity is such that the built-in censorship acts as an extra incentive.



The film may be superficial, it may pander to the lowest common denominator, but it was made to titillate, and, knowing our servile role in this community, we simply have to be satisfied with what one of the few daring distributors brings onto the market.
Cal Vista Video, 69 Long Lane, London EC1A 9EJ.

According to The Times reviewer, **Another Way** is... "One of the cinema's most truly erotic films," a statement with which I don't entirely agree, but there is no doubt at all about the sexual impact of the film. However, it also happens to be a very finely drawn drama and, up to a point, a curious and frightening semi-documentary about life in Hungary today.

The story is about Eva, a gamine with a beautiful smile who, coming from ordinary peasant stock, has educated herself to the point where she becomes an ever questioning, truth seeking journalist, eventually managing to secure a job with an important paper in Budapest. It is there that she meets Livia, a truly very beautiful blonde, who is married to a police captain.

The two important and separate conflicts consist of their falling in love with each other (which Livia initially does everything in her power to stop), and Eva's obsession with the steam roller techniques of the Communist party, in attempting to erase the freedom gained by the revolution of 1956. Although her managing editor is a long-standing party member, he himself tries to help her, because she is talented and believes in truth.

When Livia tells her husband that she is unable to stop the affair with Eva, he shoots her in a jealous rage, paralysing her in the neck. Eva, deserted by all and not able to bear the criminal restrictions placed on homosexuals, flees to the border, and is shot by the border guards.

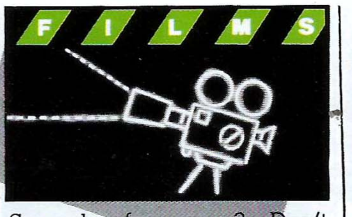
It is a slightly slow film, full of atmosphere, and it is fascinating to watch how people live, what they eat, how they react. It is even more fascinating to consider that this film, with all its naked and merciless truth, was made in a state film studio and, presumably, passed by the censors to be shown outside Hungary, notwithstanding its impact on foreign viewers. Small wonder that Hungary is called the most stubbornly liberated country behind the Iron Curtain.

I was impressed and amused by two musical ironies in the film. In the bistro where the two girls usually meet, there is a resident pianist, the type who has seen it all and knows it all. When he discovers — just by watching — that the girls are lovers, he softly plays 'The Man I Love', and when, as time passes and he realises that Livia doesn't turn up any longer to meet Eva, who sits alone until closing time, the number he plays is called 'Sad Sunday'. I'd better explain: about forty years ago a popular number was composed with that title, which described heartache and a feeling of personal desolation in such overwhelming terms that, through the years, a huge spate of suicide cases were found either with the lyrics in their hands, or listening to the record whilst they did away with themselves. To give you an idea — the *then* government actually mooted a total ban on this number.

But you don't have to be Hungarian to enjoy this film, and because it's highly elegant and erotic, it certainly is not a cheap turn-on film.
Capstan Video, 295-277 Pentonville Road, London N1.

Victor Lensky

FILMS



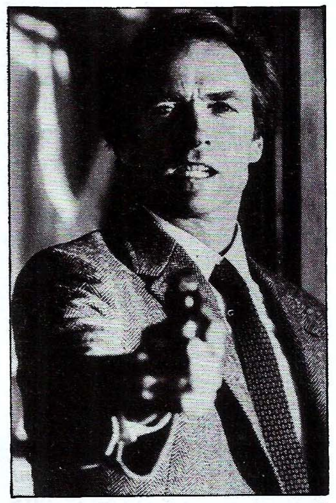
Scared of women? Don't worry, it's normal. So, they tell me, is Clint Eastwood. Apparently there's an American College Professor who got his PhD for writing, on that very subject, eighty thousand words. (That's this column multiplied by 140). It's called *Misogyny* (that's fear of females) *In The Oeuvre* (that's French for work) *of Clint Eastwood As An Auteur* (that's French for author).

I hope it was a private college because I doubt that your average taxpayer would have thought such knowledge worth every nickel. But just you wait until today's young Profs get cracking on Knave. You won't know what deep stuff you've been reading until you get to read *Ontological Anxiety In The Oeuvre Of M.J. Druitt* and *The Neo-Kantian Weltanschaung Of Rupert Metcalf* (Oxford University Press, £49.99, no illus.).

Come to think of it, perhaps I'll apply for a grant to research myself. After that I'll do a sociological survey of Knave models and their diet in infanthood as correlated with their mammary malleability at mean sea level on alternate Tuesdays. Any other suggestions?

But let's get back from clit to Clint. **Sudden Impact** fits the scaredy-cat theory pretty well. It puts him back into his favourite macho character, Dirty Harry, the hardline cop. He investigates a series of nasty murders. Each victim gets a bullet in the balls from pointblank range. We see the killer at work. A beautiful blonde (Sondra Locke), she lures, one by one, the gang that raped her and her kid sister, plunging the latter into vacant-mindedness.

What will happen when the stickler for law and order runs her down? Will he find it in himself to turn his soul-mate in? Or is she so berserk by now that he too will get his balls splattered down the front of his pants like tomato purée?

It's a great story, only Clint can't make up his mind to tell it. He footles about with 101 bits of subplot as rehashed from umpteen cop, rape, vigilante and sleazyside pictures. With helicopter flights over San Francisco's scenic shoreline. With lighting so artistically dark you'd better see this in one of the diminishing number of cinemas where the projection is A1+. The most